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THE YOUTH OF NATURE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Will ye claim for your great ones the gift
To have rendered the gleam of my skies,
To have echoed the moan of my seas,
Utter'd the voice of my hills?
When your great ones depart, will ye say:
All things have suffer'd a loss,
Nature is hid in their grave?

"Race after race, man after man,
Have thought that my secret was theirs,
Have dream'd that I lived but for them,
That they were my glory and joy,
—They are dust, they are changed, they are gone!
I remain."

CALM AND STORM

BY PHYLLIS.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER rowing on for some time in silence, Valentine and Mr. Eyre rested on their oars and peered about them; but the fog hung round them as densely as before, and they could obtain no clue to their whereabouts.

"I wish we knew where we were," said Mr. Eyre at length, in a puzzled tone. "I have got quite out of my reckoning. If we have come straight, we ought to be close to Rabbit Island now. We may be within a few yards of it, for all I can see, but I rather doubt it. We must only wait, and perhaps the fog may lift a little, and we may be able to find out where we are."

Valentine now yielded up his oar to Paddy, and took his seat beside Dorothy.

"Are you cold?" he said in his caressing tones. "I wish I had brought my ulster with me, but I thought it had really cleared up."

"No, not cold," replied Dorothy, though she shivered as she spoke—"only rather damp."

"I wish we had stayed a little longer at Innismore," said Mr. Eyre, "and then we should have seen this confounded fog."

"Yes," answered Valentine laughing; "and, as Armstronge has such a large house, he could have taken us all in for the night. I wish I had a wrap for you, Miss Eyre; I know you are cold, only you won't allow it."

"I am very glad we started," remarked Dorothy, in a low tone, so that her father might not hear. "I am sure the fog will lift after a little."

"Sir William is a very nice fellow," said Valentine, with a sidelong glance at Dorothy. "I should quite have enjoyed spending an evening with him."

If this remark was intended to draw forth a contradictory answer from Dorothy, it did not succeed in the object, for Dorothy was too anxious at this moment to wish to enter into conversation.

So the time passed slowly on. Now and then the rowers would pause and try to pierce through the fog, in the hope of discovering some glimpse of land which would determine their whereabouts; but the fog enveloped them closer than ever, and the atmosphere appeared to grow darker each moment. Valentine glanced at his watch. It was now five o'clock. At length, just as they were beginning to lose all hope, the thick mass of vapor seemed to divide, and there loomed out straight before them a dark headland. They all looked eagerly at it, with the view of obtaining a clue to their position, when suddenly the fog closed, and the object was hidden again.

Perhaps, after all, they were close to home, and the land they had seen was Rabbit Island; but when Mr. Eyre propounded this theory, Paddy, who was seated in the bow, said that he had seen a tall tree which immediately confuted it, as Rabbit Island was only covered with brushwood.

There was nothing to be done but to continue rowing on carefully in the hope that they were going in the right direction; but the spirits of the party began to flag visibly. They were growing tired and hungry, wet and despondent, and the fog was thicker, if possible, than it had been before.

So another hour went by, and then suddenly a sound reached them which made their hearts beat in quick relief. It was the clang of a workmen's bell, and appeared to be quite close to them.

"Three cheers!" cried Valentine joyfully. "We are all right now."

"That's Sir William's bell," said Paddy; and, as he spoke, the boat suddenly touched ground, and a dark object, which they knew to be land, loomed out of the fog.

"Why, by Jove, Paddy is right, and we are back again at Innismore!" cried Mr. Eyre. "We must have turned right round without knowing it, and come back again, only to the other side of the island. Well, all's well that ends well!"

"Sir William will have to take us in, after all, you see," whispered Valentine to Dorothy, as he helped her out of the boat.

Miss Eyre made no reply, and cold, wet and weary, they made their way up to the house. In a few minutes Sir William came hastening out to bid them welcome.

"I have been so anxious about you since the fog came on," he said, turning to Dorothy. "I was afraid it would overtake you. I am truly delighted fate should have brought you back to me."

There was some meaning in his tone which was not lost upon Valentine; and then the Baronet led his guests up-stairs and called his housekeeper to attend upon Dorothy, whose clothes were saturated by the moisture of the atmosphere.

It was not long before Mr. Eyre reappeared in the drawing-room, clad in some of his host's raiment, which was several sizes too small for him, and made him look like an overgrown school-boy. He was the bearer of a message from Dorothy, who bade him tell Sir William she must remain up-stairs while her dress was being dried, and therefore could not appear at dinner.

Sir William however was equal to the occasion, and, bustling out of the room, called Mrs. Worsley, the housekeeper, to his aid. There was an antique chest of clothes which had formerly belonged to his mother and grandmother; and, unlocking it now, he sent the contents up to Dorothy with a return message, hoping she might find a dress amongst the number which she could don for the occasion.

The dresses were old-fashioned brocades, faded now, though they still retained their stiffness. Dorothy spread them out before her, and gazed at them with admiring eyes. A faint scent of lavender rose came from them, as, with the eagerness of a child, she tried them on one after another, until at length she found one, of yellow brocade, which fitted her sufficiently well to appear in at dinner; and, having arranged her hair, she descended the stairs her silken robes rustling as they trailed behind her.

The three men looked up with a smile as she entered the room and stood blushing before them in her old-fashioned attire. Dorothy had never looked prettier than she did at this moment, with the brocade falling in stately folds round her slender young figure, and the soft ruches of old yellow lace round her fair white arms and throat.

She wore her hair turned back from her forehead, which matched her ancient gown; and, as she stood before them, she looked like one of Sir William's ancestresses who had just stepped out of one of the frames hanging on the walls. Valentine's eyes grew full of admiration as he looked at the dress and its pretty blushing wearer; and, taking his seat beside her and lowering his voice, he said—

"It was quite worth getting lost in the fog, Miss Eyre, to see you in that dress."

Dorothy's blush deepened as she smiled; and then she grew uncomfortable and embarrassed again. It was very awkward, she felt, to be an inmate in Sir William's house, having just rejected his proposal; and she feared he might renew the subject, if he found an opportunity for so doing. Sir William however seemed delighted at the freak Fate had played, and conducted Dorothy with triumph in to dinner.

They were a strangely-dressed party, Dorothy like a lady of the past century in her faded gown; Mr. Eyre in a coat of Sir William's which was very tight across the shoulders and very short in the sleeves; Valentine, looking very fair and handsome in a waterproof, his height and size having made it impossible for him to wear any of his host's clothes.

There was not much conversation carried on during dinner, for the party were all wearied out after the fatigues they had undergone during the day, and all retired early to rest. Dorothy did not sleep much during the night, and what little slumber visited her eyes was disturbed by disagreeable dreams.

Sir William and Valentine, in strong contrast to one another, were ever before her eyes. Do what she could, she was not able to banish them from her thoughts, either sleeping or waking. She rose, pale and heavy-eyed, in the morning, and came down somewhat late for breakfast, being determined not to give Sir William an opportunity of speaking to her alone.

It was just before they started on their homeward way that Valentine had occasion to go back to his room for something he had forgotten; and, passing through the picture-gallery, he came suddenly upon Dorothy and Sir William, apparently engaged in earnest conversation.

Valentine smiled a little maliciously; it appeared to be his fate to interrupt Sir William's private conversations with Dorothy; and his smile deepened as he saw how cross and annoyed the Baronet looked.

This time the party had a prosperous voyage, and arrived home safely, Valentine was very curious to discover the state of Dorothy's sentiments concerning Sir William Armstronge, and tried by various skilful questions to elicit the truth; but Dorothy maintained a disapproving silence when the subject was touched upon, or quickly changed the conversation. Valentine's curiosity was further increased by seeing a letter, directed to Dorothy, in Sir William's handwriting, arrive by the next morning's post. Miss Eyre slipped the letter into her pocket without making any allusion to it, though Valentine fancied she looked annoyed.

When breakfast was over, and Mr. Eyre and Valentine had left the room, Dorothy drew the letter from her pocket, and slowly and reluctantly broke the seal. She knew what it was certain to contain, and felt angry with Sir William for not having taken her answer as final. The letter was not long, and ran as follows—

"My dear Miss Eyre—Owing to the interruption which took place at Innismore when I was speaking to you, I have thought it better to write a few lines, for fear there should be any misunderstanding upon the subject. You know the state of my feelings, and how much depends upon your answer; but I would ask you to give it without due consideration. I will call at Eyre Castle in a few days, when I shall expect a definite reply. You have it in your power to make a lonely man happy. Oh, Miss Eyre, do not refuse to do so! I will not weary you by adding more, though there are many things I wish to say, but will hope that the great boon I ask for may be granted me. I remain, yours very sincerely,

"WILLIAM ARMSTRONGE."

Dorothy, with her head propped on her hands, sat gazing at the open letter as it lay spread before her; but her gaze was vacant and her thoughts far away. She had wished to avoid this proposal, and had used every means in her power to show Sir William the true state of her feelings. But he had now brought the matter to a crisis, and she would be compelled to give an answer which would be displeasing to her father, who, she knew, was warmly in favor of the match.

Sir William was rich and generous; there would be no further money-troubles if she consented to become his wife; but, though Dorothy admired Sir William's character and looked up to him as a clever man, whose opinion she valued, she felt she could never be his wife; she felt she could never be his wife; she could die sooner, she told herself passionately, not knowing the reason which had made her decision so determined and irrevocable. She felt very nervous when she thought of what her father would say when he learnt the truth.

Mr. Eyre was usually a good-tempered, easy-going man; but, if once roused to wrath, Dorothy knew by experience he was hard to deal with, and therefore her heart began to beat quickly when, a moment later, he entered the room. The time had come for her to speak, and, as it was better to get a disagreeable task over as quickly as possible, she plunged boldly into the subject.

"Papa," she said, trying to speak quietly and in a matter-of-fact tone, though her heart was throbbing painfully and her cheeks hot, "I have had a letter from Sir William Armstronge; he—he wants me to—to marry him."

"Yes, yes, my dear," answered Mr. Eyre, coming round to her side and taking up the letter, "I expected something of the kind; he mentioned it to me; and I think nothing could be more desirable in every way. It will be a happy day to me, Dolly, when I see you mistress of Innismore. It is a fine place, Doll—a very fine place, and has wanted a mistress for a long time;" and Mr. Eyre began to walk up and down the room, rubbing his hands together, as was his habit when well pleased.

"But, papa," stammered poor Dolly, trying to stem the torrent of self-congratulating words that were pouring from Mr. Eyre's lips, "I—I am not going to marry Sir William. "I—I could not——"

"Not going to marry him?" repeated Mr. Eyre, his whole face suddenly clouding over. "What do you mean, Dorothy? I won't have any of this kind of nonsense! You ought to be extremely proud of receiving so good an offer, a penniless little girl like you! It's perfectly absurd! I never heard of such folly! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"It is quite impossible I can marry Sir William," said Dorothy, speaking more firmly now. "I would rather break stones on the road!"—passionately. "I told him I would not marry him when we were at Innismore."

"This is childish folly!" returned Mr. Eyre, in agitated tones. "You cannot mean to refuse such an excellent match for some more sentimental whim or fancy. Remember how poor we are. If something does not save us, we shall have to leave the old house and come to the dogs altogether. You can prevent it all, Dorothy, if you wish. I have not much longer to live; don't let me spend my last days in misery."

"Oh, papa," cried Dorothy distressfully, tears rushing to her eyes, "I would work for you if I could! I would do anything but this; don't ask me."

"I'll not stand such folly and absurdity!" cried Mr. Eyre wrathfully, when he found his pathetic appeal had made no impression upon his daughter. "I forbid you to refuse him. I will not allow you to ruin us all when you have such a chance."

Dorothy's face grew pale; but her expression was quite steadfast now as she looked at her father with lovely piteous eyes.

"Papa——"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Eyre imperiously. "I'll not have any more words about it;" and he went quickly out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Tears rushed hotly to Dorothy's eyes; but her resolution remained unshaken. She would not marry Sir William Armstronge, no matter what happened—no, not even if they dragged her to the altar. And then she rose, dried her eyes, and put away the letter. She would not answer it now, as she had at first intended; she would wait, and perhaps her father's wrath would moderate; and, when he grew calmer, she felt sure he would admit she was right.

Valentine had been conscious of some commotion going on in the house, for, as he passed the dining-room door he had heard voices raised, apparently in angry dispute; and, when he found Dorothy in the drawing-room an hour later, he perceived that she looked pale and that there were tears in her eyes. She brightened up however when he asked if she would fulfil the promise she had made of showing him the famous round tower which stood on one of the neighboring islands. Yes, she said she would be delighted, and ran off to ask her father if he would accompany them.

"No," Mr. Eyre replied, in displeased tones; he was too busy.

Dorothy felt relieved. His presence, in existing circumstances, would have been disagreeable; and Valentine apparently was not displeased either at Mr. Eyre's refusal.

The tower stood on one of the nearest islands to Eyre Castle; and in less than half an hour's time they had landed, and were walking round the ancient tower, looking curiously up at its high gray walls, which in some places were crumbling away. And then Valentine made Dorothy sit down upon the grass, and skillfully turned the conversation upon Innismore and its owner.

"I wonder a fellow like that, with lots of money, does not marry. He must be awfully lonely in that great big house by himself." They were almost Sir William's own words, and made Dorothy color a little. "I think he is like Riquet with the Tuft in the old fairy-tale," Valentine went on, his eyes fixed vaguely on the lake. "Of course you remember it. He must find some girl who will love him so much that she will not see he is deformed. I always think the young lady who married Riquet was dazzled by his fine possessions."

"Yes; but he turned into a prince at the end of the story," said Dorothy.

"No, no," returned Valentine, laughing; "you are quite wrong. The tuft was there all the time, only she not see it."

"Well, it comes to the same thing," said Miss Eyre.

"Yes; but is not Sir William Armstronge like Riquet with the Tuft?" questioned Valentine, turning his laughing blue eyes upon the girl's face.

"Poor Sir William!"—and Dorothy laughed.

"I don't think he is at all to be pitied," said Valentine, with some meaning in his tone. "He has, like Riquet, got the fine possessions, and like him will doubtless find some lady who will ignore the tuft or pretend not to see it."

"I think it is time for us to go home," observed Dorothy, rising, "or we shall get no luncheon."

Two days passed without Mr. Eyre or Dorothy speaking upon the subject of Sir William's proposal, and on the third day the Baronet made his appearance at Eyre Castle, having traveled down the lake in his steam launch.

When Mr. Eyre heard of his visitor's approach, he burst into Dorothy's room.

"Armstronge is coming," he said; "he will be here in a moment! You will do as I ask you; will you not? Don't refuse him; wait a little, if you like. Oh, Dorothy, if you knew how anxious I am about it, or how much depends upon your answer! I had a letter from Jack this morning, asking me for more money. I have none to give him. We shall be ruined if you don't marry Armstronge; for Heaven's sake don't refuse him!"

"Oh, papa," cried Dorothy, in an agony of distress, "I cannot—indeed I cannot! You are cruel to ask me. I must tell him the truth."

"Very well!" exclaimed Mr. Eyre passionately, his face white with excitement. "You will be sorry some day that you have disobeyed me."

Dorothy stood and trembled, when her father had left her. She could not marry Sir William Armstronge; but her father had made her refusal doubly painful. She knew well how poor they were, how overwhelmed with debts and difficulties; but her resolution never wavered; and, summoning up courage, she descended the stairs and entered the room where the Baronet was impatiently awaiting her.

"Miss Eyre," he said, "I have asked your father to allow me to speak to you alone. I have come for my answer. Will you be my wife?"

"No, no," returned Dorothy hurriedly. "Why did you come? Why do you ask me? I told you it could never be. You pain me by speaking of it. I always thought you knew I did not care for you."

"Miss Eyre," said Sir William gravely, "as I said before, I am not like other men; I cannot hope to inspire any woman with love for me; but I hoped you would become my wife. It has been my wish for a long time."

"No, no," cried Dorothy again; "please don't speak of it. I could never be anything more to you than a friend. I am very sorry."

"Do not say any more, Miss Eyre," replied Sir William stiffly; "I do not wish to pain you. If you will allow me, I will tell your father I have failed. Good-bye. I will not trouble you any more."

He was gone. Dorothy heard him enter her father's room, emerge again a few moments later and descend the stairs; and then her father came into the room.

"You have sent him away," he said, in tones which he strove to keep calm; "you have disobeyed me. Dorothy, I am very angry with you."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Dorothy, clinging to him, "don't say that! I couldn't marry him."

But Mr. Eyre shook off.

"I do not wish to speak about it any more; I only hope you'll never live to repent this day's work," he said only.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM his bed-room window, where he had been sitting writing a letter, Valentine had seen Sir William Armstronge's arrival and departure. There was something so hurried in the way the Baronet left the house and went down to the lake that Valentine's suspicions were aroused. Had he proposed and been rejected? Valentine wondered. Had Innismore not hidden the tuft, or was there a woman who was proof against riches and fine possessions?

Valentine longed to know the truth; but all that day Dorothy made no allusion to Sir William Armstronge; she appeared in better spirits, and laughed and talked gaily all the evening about a fishing-expedition they were to make on the following day.

Mr. Eyre was not to accompany them; he was detained at home, writing a long letter to Jack; and Dorothy and Valentine started, under the chaperonage of Paddy, for a long day on the water.

"I say, what a jolly little island that is!" exclaimed Valentine, as they were returning in the afternoon. "Could we land, Miss Eyre?"

"I suppose we could," returned Dorothy, in a somewhat doubtful tone. "But it would be very difficult; the banks are so steep, and I don't think there is anything worth seeing on it."

"Oh, I'm certain we could manage it!" said Valentine. "I see a place where we could land quite easily. Do let us try."

Dorothy made no further objections, and the boat was backed in until it touched the shore; and, the water being deep, Paddy, by grasping a bough which hung within reach, was able to secure the boat; and a moment later Valentine and Dorothy were both safely on dry ground.

"Now," said Valentine, "we must explore. What are those ruins among the trees?"

"There was a monastery there long ago, there is a bit of the main wall still standing."

"Jolly time the monks must have had of it here!" said Valentine; and then, his desire to explore having evaporated suddenly, he insisted upon Dorothy sitting down upon a rock which he found, and he threw himself upon the grass at her feet.

"I should like to build a house there," he began. "It would be so out of the world. I don't believe duns even could get at one here; and they are so frightfully energetic; they can get to most places."

"You would soon become tired of living alone," said Dorothy; "and, if it were stormy, which it very often is, you would not be able to get any food."

"Oh, you most matter-of-fact person!" laughed Valentine. "I said nothing about living alone; that would not at all fall in with my views. No; I would lure some water-nymph out of the lake to keep me company, and we would live on berries and all that kind of thing—a lovely Undine, with her hair all hanging about her. There ought to be lots of people of that kind in a place like this. In fact, I'm not sure I haven't seen one already," he added, with a smiling glance at Dorothy.

Miss Eyre colored.

"You would get tired of Undine too," she said, trying to speak lightly, "and want to go back to your own friends again."

"Not a bit of it," replied the young man quickly. "If you knew what my life was like, you would not say that. I should be only too happy to cut the whole concern."

Dorothy's eyes grew full of wonder; this light-hearted stranger did not look as if his lines lay in unpleasant places.

"I assure you it's true," continued Valentine, raising himself on his elbow. "If you only knew how hard up I am this very moment! And my governor is a fearful screw; and my mother thinks she has done her duty when she has asked an heiress to meet me at dinner. I am not fond of heiresses at all, they are generally plain; and I do like a pretty woman; and, though I may marry one of them some time or other, it's no reason that I am to take them down to dinner all my life; is it?"—and Valentine sighed.

As Dorothy listened to him, a painful feeling crept into her heart, and for the first time his words jarred upon her.

"It is getting late," she said abruptly; "we had better go home."

Amusement was dancing in Valentine's eyes at her sudden change of manner, for which he was at no loss to account; and the smile had not left his face when, having sprung into the boat, he had out his hand to help her in. But Dorothy ignored the proffered help, and sprang in lightly upon the seat of boat. All would have been well if Paddy had not at the same moment loosed his hold of the bough which held them to the shore; the boat made a sudden movement forward, and Dorothy, losing her balance, was thrown into the water. In a moment Valentine had sprung after her, and, succeeding in grasping a portion of her dress as she rose to the surface, he was able, though with some difficulty, to get her on dry ground again.

"You are all right now," he said, laughing. "We'll get back as quietly as we can; and, when you have changed your things, you'll be none the worse."

This time Dorothy allowed Valentine to help her into the boat—indeed she was trembling so much from fright and cold as to be almost unable to stand, and passively permitted him to wrap his ulster round her.

"You are a real Undine now," he said, smiling down into her pale face. "I hope you won't melt away and disappear over the edge of the boat."

Dorothy smiled faintly, and glanced at her clinging garments and the tiny streams that were trickling down from them into the bottom of the boat.

Not till Miss Eyre was on dry ground again did she try to thank Valentine; and then her tones were trembling and broken. Valentine cut her short.

"Never mind thanking me, Miss Eyre; but change your things as quickly as you can. You'll catch cold and not be able to sing for me to-night;" and he released her hand, which he had retained on helping her out of the boat.

When Dorothy came down to dinner, she looked pale and tired, and avoided Valentine by sitting close to her father. The young man watched her curiously; and, when Mr. Eyre had fallen asleep—as was his habit—Valentine drew his chair close to the girl's side.

"Well," he began, in a tone of mock gravity, "how are you after your dip? If you had not been such a very naughty child, it would not have happened." And then, with a sudden change of manner, he added, "Why wouldn't you let me help you into the boat?"

Dorothy was silent; she only bent her face more resolutely over her work.

"Had I said anything to vex you?" continued Valentine; and in jest he laid his hand on her work.

"To vex me!" repeated Dorothy, without looking at him. "How could you have said anything to vex me?"

"Then why would you not let me help you into the boat?" persisted Valentine, who was laughing softly now.

"Oh, I don't know! I always get in and out by myself."

"With the same result?" inquired Valentine politely. "No, that was not the reason; but, if you won't tell me how I vexed you, it can't be helped. Let us change the subject. Will you sing me a song?"

"I can't sing," returned Dorothy shortly. "I have a headache;" and she rose to her feet.

"Good night, Undine," said Valentine, holding out his hand.

"Good night," said Dorothy, extending the tips of her fingers; and she went to bed to dream that she was struggling in the dark waters of the lake, and that Valentine, with a cruel mocking face, was pushing her down every time she rose instead of saving her, as he had done that day.

* * * * * *

When Dorothy met Valentine the next morning, there was still some embarrassment visible in her manner; but Valentine forbore making any further allusion to the previous day's adventure, and, under the contagion of his gay conversation and laughter, her constraint soon wore away. Valentine could at will assume any manner, from cold gravity of demeanor to wild hilarity of spirits, and in them all Dorothy was as wax in his hands, being too simple-minded to understand his tactics or search for hidden motives. If Valentine looked cold and grave, Dorothy took herself to task to see if she had displeased him in any way, and, if she thought she had discovered some trivial cause, she did all in her power to make the amende honorable, not knowing how, in each word and action, she showed him the true state of her feelings.

Valentine could not but enjoy the artless admiration; it amused and gratified his vanity; and, as their intimacy increased, he seized every opportunity that arose of compelling her to show her feelings for him; and poor Dorothy made little stand against his exertion of power.

And so the days sped away, and the end of Valentine's visit drew near. On the evening of the day before his departure, Dorothy felt very sad and depressed; and, when she had dressed for dinner, she went down to the drawing-room, and, finding it empty, walked over to the window.

It was a wild gloomy evening, and the tall trees were bowing and creaking as the rough west wind rushed roaring through their branches, which, as they swayed and bent, revealed now and again a glimpse of white storm-tossed waves. It looked dreary and wintry outside, but within the room was bright and warm; the fire glowed and flashed its ruddy gleams on the dark old walls and on Dorothy's slender figure and graceful head as she leaned against the window-frame, watching the sombre swaying boughs that were clearly defined against the lighter sky.

She was thinking of Valentine as she stood thus, and of how soon she would be alone; and the words of one of his favorite songs kept repeating themselves in her brain, while the mournful soughing of the wind made a fitting accompaniment to the words. "Love came, and brought sorrow too soon in its train. Love came and brought sorrow"—was it always thus? Dorothy wondered.

And then her thoughts wandered to the woman Valentine would love and wed, and she drew a picture of her in her mind. She would be beautiful of course and rich and fashionable, a woman as unlike herself as possible, one who would never have known poverty or trouble, and who would be of Valentine's own class. Would she make him happy, she wondered, as happy as she would have done? Would she wait upon him, love him, and think of no one else? Oh, what a blessed privilege that would be! Dorothy drew a long breath at the thought, and then

colored hotly when she found Valentine was standing beside her.

"A penny for your thoughts."

"How you startled me!" said Dorothy, rather incoherently.

"The lake is awfully rough to-night," remarked Valentine, peering out through the gathering shadows at the gleams of white foam. "Even you, Undine, water-spirit as you are, would not like to be out on it."

"I wish you would not call me Undine."

"Why not? Undine was a very charming young person, and very—like you."

"It's a horrid, melancholy story," returned Dorothy with some hesitation of speech. "She died herself, and killed her husband."

Valentine's laugh rang out pleasantly through the dusky room.

"You superstitious child, you don't mean to say you are afraid of turning into a fountain and drowning your husband?"

Miss Eyre remained silent.

"Well, I won't call you Undine any more, if you don't like it, but it's an awfully pretty name, Undine. Dear Undine. I always had a fancy for it; besides, she lived on a promontory like you, and—and——" Valentine broke off with a soft laugh.

Dorothy still returned no answer; her eyes were fixed upon the tossing trees, and Valentine began again.

"By-the-bye, Undine—oh, I beg your pardon—your father has been so kind as to ask me to stay little longer."

Dorothy looked up at him quickly, and her face brightened visibly.

"And you will stay?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, if you promise you'll not grow tired of me."

"Oh!" was all Dorothy said, and she drew a long breath of relief.

"I shall have to run up to Dublin for a night, but I'll be back the next morning."

"You are very good to stay with us," said Dorothy softly. "This is such a dull place; we hardly expect anybody to come and see us."

"I have had a delightful time," responded Valentine warmly—"on Undine's enchanted promontory with Undine;" and involuntarily he moved a little nearer to the girl. "I shall often think of all our boating and fishing excursions. What fun they were!"

"I shall often think how you saved my life," murmured Dorothy.

"Oh," said Valentine, "that was—— Oh, here is Mr. Eyre!"

Dorothy would fain have heard the latter part of his speech; but still he was not going away on the morrow, and she went forward to meet her father with a sunshiny countenance.

"Well, Dolly," he said, rubbing his hands together. "Has Howard told you I have persuaded him to stay with us a little longer?"

"Yes," answered Dorothy, with a radiant smile; "I am so glad!"

The following morning Valentine left the Castle. Dorothy went down to the edge of the lake and watched him till out of sight. How long the afternoon and evening seemed as she wandered restlessly about; and how silent and dull she and her father were now that their guest was not there. She went early to her room, hoping like a child to sleep away the time that lagged so wearily.

The next day Valentine returned, and, to show Dorothy that he had not forgotten her, he bought books and music and sweetmeats, and life grew bright to Dorothy once more.

And when evening came, she sang to him in the dusky firelit chamber all the songs he loved best, whilst Mr. Eyre sumbered peacefully in his chair, and into her voice there crept unconsciously a new tenderness and pathos, such as comes into a woman's voice when she sings to the man she loves, and Valentine was not untouched by the charm of hour and situation. He liked to sit and watch the girl's slender figure as the gleams of firelight showed it to him, and to listen to the low sweet notes that somehow seemed to touch his heart more closely than they had done before.

* * * * * *

That night Dorothy fell asleep with a happy smile on her rosy lips, and when she awoke the next morning a pleasant memory was uppermost in her mind, for she smiled to herself and sang gay snatches of song as she dressed and ran down-stairs. But when she entered the breakfast room, a cold mist seemed to rise up and extinguish her joy, for, looking at her father as he sat by the table with his head bowed upon his hands, she became aware that he must have received some bad news.

"Papa," she cried, going over to him quickly, and laying her hand on his shoulder. "Have you heard from Jack? Is anything the matter?"

"The war has broken out again," said Mr. Eyre; and with trembling lips he gave her a brief summary of the news.

It was gloomy enough. There had been an engagement with the enemy in which the British had experienced heavy losses, and Jack's regiment had been ordered to the front.

Mr. Eyre was plunged in despair, and, pushing away his breakfast untasted, he left the room.

"Poor papa," said Dorothy, looking after him with eyes full of tears. "Poor papa, he will be so miserable about Jack. This horrid war, will it never end?"

"Oh, this may not be much!" remarked Valentine; "and it may be a mistake about Jack's regiment being ordered to the front."

"Papa will fret himself ill," said Dorothy despondently.

"I suppose I shall get marching orders next," observed Valentine carelessly. "All officers on leave will have to rejoin if this outbreak proves serious."

Dorothy's face paled.

"Will you have to go?" she questioned, "I—I never thought of that."

"Of course I must go; but perhaps I had better try if I can cheer your father up a bit."

"Thank you," said Dorothy simply. "Oh, Mr. Howard, how good you are to us!"—and Dorothy involuntarily held out her hand.

Valentine caught it closely in his own without speaking, for Dorothy's face was too full of trouble and anxiety for him to venture upon any jesting remark, and then releasing it he went in search of Mr. Eyre.

In the evening Valentine entreated Dorothy to go down to the garden with him to look at the Castle by moonlight, and Dorothy after a little hesitation complied. The night was clear and calm, the air sweet and crisp, the moon sailing high in the dark-blue sky that was perfectly cloudless; the old Castle looked weird and ghostly in the light, the shadows of the turrets lying sharply on the grass. Dorothy and Valentine paced up and down for some time, pausing now and then to gaze at the gray walls on which the ivy glistened as if white.

"Let us go to the end of the promontory, Undine," said Valentine suddenly; "the moon must look so jolly on the water."

Dorothy paused, and looked at the wood; but, when Valentine laughed, she went forward, and together they stepped into the mysterious darkness of the plantation. The moonlight flickered through the topmost branches of the trees, gleaming whitely here and there on the bare stem of a birch tree, but the light did not pierce through the sombre shade of the fir branches, and the path was shrouded in darkness. It was curiously still among the tree stems; only the cry of a night bird, startled by their voices, broke the stillness of the night. It was like the enchanted forest, through which the knight bore Undine, and was there not an Undine by Valentine's side as fair as her namesake? And was not the same mystic glamor stealing over his senses and making his pulses throb with some curious excitement?

The path was not long, and in a few minutes they came out into an open space where the moonlight was shining brightly.

At their feet the water, black as ink, rippled softly in; while, some distance away, the broad expanse of moving water had caught the glittering radiance of the moon, and a silvery path stretched from shore to shore.

Neither of them spoke for some moments. Dorothy's eyes were fixed upon the line of light, and Valentine was watching her as she stood, relieved against the dark background, looking, in her white dress, like some water sprite newly risen from the waves; and, as she gazed, some midsummer madness came into his brain, she looked so fair and cold in the pale light; and suddenly he spoke.

"Undine, I want to tell you something; I—I feel in a confidential mood."

"Yes," arid Dorothy, turning a somewhat startled face to his.

Valentine however paused; though he had gained her attention, he seemed to experience some difficulty in beginning. Presently he spoke.

"I—I want to tell you I am going to be married."

Dorothy started violently, and then turned her head away. The moon seemed to be dancing in the sky, and the waters of the lake to rise and suffocate her.

Valentine, receiving no answer, went on.

"It is a great secret; but I couldn't help telling you, as we are such friends."

Still no reply came from Dorothy, her voice failed her, her breath came short and quick.

"Well," questioned Valentine gaily, "are you not going to wish me joy?"

With a strong effort, Dorothy roused herself, and spoke.

"I—I—hope you will be happy; but I did—not know."

"Of course not," returned Valentine; "but you congratulate me as if I were going to be hanged, instead of married."

"Well"—with a short miserable laugh—"some people think they are about the same thing."

"That's not a cheerful way of looking at the matter; but see, you will catch cold if I don't take care of you;" and, stooping, he drew her shawl more closely round her, smiling into her pale face as he did so.

His words and actions were more than the girl could bear.

"Never mind me," she cried sharply, drawing herself away from him.

"Foolish children must be taken care of, if they won't do it themselves; but you haven't wished me joy properly yet."

Dorothy did not speak, he was trying her powers of endurance too much; she only looked at him with an expression of mute agony, as if imploring him to spare her, and then she turned away. But, laying his hand on her arm, Valentine detained her.

"Don't go, Miss Eyre, it is so jolly here, and I haven't told you anything about my little girl yet."

Dorothy had borne a great deal in silence, but this was too much.

"What is it to me?"—passionately. "Why should you tell me?"—and then the hot angry tears rushed to her eyes. "Let us go back," she added, growing ashamed of her momentary outbreak. "It is getting late and cold."

"No, don't go," said Valentine quickly—"don't go. It is all nonsense; I was only joking."

"I don't understand you. What do you mean was a joke?"

"The whole thing," returned Valentine, somewhat awkwardly. "I mean what I said about going to be married."

Dorothy's face hardened suddenly, an angry light blazed in her eyes.

"And why do you joke with me about your marriage? I see no wit in it. What is it to me?"—and she turned contemptuously away.

Valentine sprang after her, and caught her in his arms.

"No, stay," he cried passionately. "Oh, Dorothy, my darling, I love you; I cannot live without you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Lion and His Keeper.—The majestic step, the bold look, the grace and strength of the lion, have obtained for him the title of king of the beasts. He is greatly indebted to the imagination of the poet for the noble qualities he is supposed to possess. He is, though capable of gratitude towards those from whom he has received kindnesses, often treacherous and revengeful, and Dr. Livingstone considered him an arrant coward.

The story, however, which we are about to relate describes his better qualities. A lion was kept in the menagerie at Brussels. The animal's cell requiring some repairs, the keeper led him to the upper portion of it, where, after playing with him for some time, they both fell asleep. The carpenter, who was engaged in the work below, wishing to ascertain whether it was finished as desired, called the keeper to inspect what was done. Receiving no answer, he climbed up, when seeing the keeper and lion thus asleep side by side, he uttered a cry of horror.

His voice awoke the lion, which, gazing at him fiercely for a moment, placed his paw on the breast of his keeper, and with a look that seemed to say, "He is in my care now, and touch him if you dare," he laid down to sleep again as though nothing had occurred.

On the other attendants being summoned, they aroused the keeper, who on opening his eyes appeared in no way frightened at what had occurred to give his fellow attendants so much uneasiness for the safety of his life, but taking the paw of the lion in his hand, shook it and quietly led him down to the lower part of the den, which had by this time been satisfactorily completed.

Bric-a-Brac.

A Bad One.—In Louisville, Ky., a man was arrested and sent to jail for stealing a pocketbook. When the man's time was out it was discovered that he had stolen the ten Commandments, which had adorned the jail walls in a neat frame.

Iceland Education.—The education of Iceland is entirely domestic. There is no public school in the country, except a college in the capital. The laws and customs of the country merely require that the parents or guardians, under direction of the parish pastor, shall teach the children reading, writing and arithmetic.

The Earliest.—The Acta Diurna of ancient Rome is the earliest approach to the newspapers of which we have any authentic record. The Acts appeared daily until the downfall of the empire, A. D. 476. It was published under the auspices of the Government and posted in some public place, the contents consisting of a digest of public dockets, a summary of daily occurrences, and all news of a general character.

In Spain.—The street money changer is an interesting character in Spanish cities. He stations himself at a principal street corner early every morning, and exchanges a bag of coppers for silver. By ten o'clock his bag is exhausted, and he goes home. All the servants on their way to market get their money changed by him, as they are not skilful in counting and are afraid of false coins. He gives them full change, his coppers being obtained from tradesmen, who get rid of their coins at a discount.

Enemies.—It seems that every creature has its deadly enemy, and some specimens many more than others. Flies are at certain seasons, usually during the latter part of summer, attacked by a parasite that fastens upon their bodies. Their favorite location is around the wings and the shoulders. These tiny creatures grow rapidly, and soon become so full of blood as to be perceptible to the naked eye. They soon exhaust the source of supply, and leave the wretched victim little more than a shell, when it attaches itself to some convenient place and gives up the ghost.

A Pretty Custom.—Southerners have a pretty custom that deserves poetical immortality. It is well known that when the petals of the great laurel magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot, which develops in a few hours. This fact is taken advantage of by a lover, who pulls a magnolia flower, and on one of its pure white petals writes a motto or message with a hard, sharp-pointed pencil. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vase of water, and in three or four hours the message written on the leaf becomes visible and remains so.

Paper.—"Foolscap paper" has a curious origin. It is said that this designation is derived from the fact that Charles I. granted to certain parties a monopoly of the manufacture of paper, and every sheet bore in water marks the royal arms. But the Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this in every conceivable manner and ordered the royal arms to be removed and the fool's cap and bells to be substituted. Of course these were reversed after the Restoration, but the paper of the size of the Parliament journals always retained the name of foolscap.

Birds and Trees.—It is a remarkable fact, says a naturalist, that, notwithstanding the voluminous literature that has been written on birds and their habits, no writer has noticed the preference certain species give to certain trees. Jays and rooks are found in the greatest number in oak-trees; finches, in lime trees; and blackcaps among laurels. The nightingale is always found in the greatest numbers in nut-groves; while the thrush evinces a decided preference for birch and ash. The beech is the favorite tree of the woodpecker; and the numerous families of tits are generally found in the greatest abundance among the blackthorn.

Old Jokes.—How many calves tayles, aske Demaundes Joyous, behoueth to reche frome the erthe to the skye? R. No more but one, an it be longe ynough.—D Why dothe an oxe or a cowe lye? R. Bycause she cannot sytte.—D. What people be they that loue not in no wyse to be prayed for? R They be beggars and poore people, whan men say "God helpe them," when theye aske almes. D. What space is from ye hyest space of the see to the depest? R But a stone's cast.—D. Whiche ben the moost profytable sayntes of the churche? R. They that stande in ye glasse wyndowes; for they kepe out the wynde from wastynge of the lyght.—D. What is it that freseth never? R. That is hote water.—D. Why dooth a dogge tourne hym thryes aboute or that he lyeth him downe? R. Bycause he knoweth not his beddes head from the fete.—So much for the jokes of Merry England in the yere of our Lorde 1511.

Little Miss Muggs (haughtily)—"My mother remembers when your grandfather used to saw wood for her mother." Little Miss Freckles (defiantly)—"I s'ppose he did it for the poor old soul out of charity."

LAST WORDS.

BY SUSANNA J.

Tell me not what the years shall do;
  Make me no vows, I shall value them not;
For I know the old proverb is bitterly true—
  That a face unseen is a love forgot.
If Destiny wills that we should part,
  Bear it in silence, for words are vain;
And I will not speak of the place in my heart
  That can never, never be fill'd again.

So let us not trifle with useless dreams;
  Calmly and well let our duties be done;
Some day, perhaps, the divided streams
  Shall flow calmly as though they had ne'er been one.
Farewell! Perhaps we shall meet again:
  More likely not. If we never do,
Why should we add to this last hour's pain
  By uttering vows that are all untrue!

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX—(CONTINUED.)

NORA started slightly. Was she herself beginning to doubt the wisdom of leaving her own and Vane's fate to Lady Florence?

"Oh, Nora, Nora, don't you see? You say that this other one is very beautiful, that she loves him! And do you think that she will give him up? How do you know that she hasn't been in league with the wicked man who worked mischief between you and your lover?"

Nora shuddered.

"Oh, no woman could be so vile!" she said.

"I don't know," said Milly shrewdly. "Until this moment I should have said no woman could be so foolish as you have been. Nora," she struggled to her knees and looked into Nora's pale face, "is it too late to stop him, to bring him back? Oh, if I only knew him, if I could only see him and make him listen to me! I—yes, ignorant as I am—I could show him how wicked—yes, wicked—you have been! Marry one woman while you love another; it is hideous!"

"It is for her to decide," murmured Nora.

"No, it isn't," retorted Milly vehemently; it is for you, for him. Oh, Nora, tell me what he is like?"

Nora stammeringly tried to describe Vane, but burst into tears.

"Oh, I can't talk any more about it, even to you, Milly. I shall know—in a few hours——" She stopped, her voice broken by her sobs, then suddenly recovered her self-command. "Nothing can be done, dear," she said; "I can only wait. And now, Milly, we won't say another word about it, not a word. If—if he does not come back," her lips quivered, "well, I shall not go about wearing the willow. I shall not cry my heart out for—for the husband of Lady Florence Heathcote."

"But I shall," murmured Milly.

True to her resolve, Nora dressed and came down to dinner, looking pale and rather tired, but as calm and self-possessed as usual. Reuben Vale's blood was in her veins, and like her father, she could suffer and be strong.

The evening passed—and no Vane! She lay awake all that night, and after breakfast the next day went to her room and remained there, refusing admittance even to Milly. But she came down to dinner in the evening still paler, with black marks under her eyes, and an expression of repressed pain on the lovely face. Milly limped across the hearth rug and put her arms round her, and Nora felt her sobbing.

"Oh, Nora, Nora, he has not come! Is it too late?"

"Quite too late, Milly," she said, with the shadow of a smile; "and now we will say no more about. Milly, what do you say to going abroad; not for a few weeks, or a month, but for a long time? Would you like it? Shall we speak to your father about it after dinner?"

Milly nodded sadly.

"Yes, anywhere you like, dearest. You will take me with you?"

"Yes," said Nora with a sudden break in her voice, "yes, I cannot lose everything!"

They sat over the fire—it wanted an hour to dinner-time—and spoke now and again in ordinary tones, but Milly knew by the look in Nora's eyes how keenly she was suffering, how bravely she was bearing her bitter fate, and presently they both lapsed into silence.

Nora was looking into the fire and thinking: "They are married now; they are married now!" when the ringing of the deep-throated bell startled both girls.

"That can't be papa," said Milly; "he said that he should only be in just time to dress."

A footman entered.

"A lady and gentleman would be glad if Miss Vale could see them," he said gravely.

Nora looked up with weary surprise.

"To see me? Are you sure it is not Mr. Lester whom they asked for?"

"The gentleman said you, miss, and on important business."

The blood rushed to Nora's face, then left it white again.

"Nora!" exclaimed Milly in an excited whisper, "it is he! He has come!"

Nora rose, trembling in every limb.

"Oh, be quick! Let him come in," said Milly. "I will go. Help me!" to the servant. But Nora stopped her. "No, you—you shall stay!" she said. Then she signed to the footman, and stood with her hand on the table waiting.

The door opened again and Senley Tyers and Lady Florence were shown in. Notwithstanding her thick veil and concealing cloak Nora knew her, and it was to her, after a glance at Senley Tyers, that her eyes flew.

Perfectly self-possessed, with a smile on his sallow face, Senley Tyers advanced and bowed.

"I have to ask your pardon for this intrusion, Miss Vale," he began; but by this time Nora had realized his presence, and with a cry of loathing and indignation had shrunk back from him. He stood with bowed head, his eyebrows raised, his hand waving in a deprecatory way. "I beg—I implore you not to be alarmed. I have brought this lady whom you know" Lady Florence raised her veil slowly, and revealed her beautiful face. It was white to the lips, but in the eyes that were fixed on Nora glowed a defiant hauteur—"whom you know, to beg you to answer a few questions respecting a matter which concerns you both."

Nora struggled hard for self-command.

"Why have you come?" she said at last, her voice sounding strained and hollow. "How dare you enter this house? Ah!"—she drew a long breath, and her eyes flashed upon him—"I forgot! You have come—" she panted—"to tell me that you have succeeded, that you have gained your ends——" her breath failed her.

He looked at her curiously, still with the same sinister smile.

"You wrong me," he said suavely, "I am the last man to triumph over a vanquished foe. You wrong me to even a greater extent, for I am here to night, Miss Nora, as a friend!"

"A friend!" echoed Nora, indignation over-mastering the other emotions aroused by his presence. "A friend! You dare to use that word! Do you think I have forgotten when last you used it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Let bygones be bygones, I implore you!" he said. "Lady Florence Heathcote has accompanied me here this evening—at great, very great inconvenience—to obtain certain information——"

Nora raised her hand.

"I will not speak to you, listen to you," she said. Lady Florence, this man by your side is scoundrel"—Milly uttered a cry of alarm and clung to Nora—"a scoundrel! He has plotted——" to win a husband for you, she was going to say, but stopped.

Lady Florence stared at her, at the slim figure upright as a dart, at the lovely face with its dark brows and glittering eyes. Surely she had seen this woman before!

"I will not listen to you. Leave this house!" said Nora, addressing Senley Tyers.

He shook his head.

"If you would but wait!" he said regretfully. "Miss Nora, if you would but wait—until I have explained the reason of our presence here to-night!"

A cry from Lady Florence arrested his suave voice. With outstretched hand she pointed at Nora.

"I know you!" she exclaimed in accents of suppressed excitement. "I know you—I remember you! You are Ernest Mortimer!"

Nora flushed to the temples, but her eyes did not fall; she did not cower with shame and self-abasement as Lady Florence expected.

"I remember you," repeated Lady Florence. Then she laughed with bitter scorn as, after looking Nora up and down, she turned to Senley Tyers. "Why have you brought me here?" she demanded fiercely. "Is this girl—boy, whatever she is—an accomplice? Do you expect me to believe a word she says?" Then to Nora—"You are Ernest Mortimer. You cannot, dare not, deny it! Which are you—man or woman?"

Nora stood pale and speechless, Milly clinging to her in amazement and fright.

"Hush, hush!" said Senley Tyers. "This lady is Miss Nora Trevanion—Miss Vale. I know her whole history, and I will explain everything: why she masqueraded as a boy, how it happens that she is here—the mistress of this place. What you wish to know has nothing or little to do with episode any further than this—that she and Vane Tempest were together, close companions, not only here, but in Scotland. That is so, Miss Vale?"

Nora assented by a gesture.

"Quite so," he said smoothly. He took a memorandum-book from his pocket. "Now, will you say simply 'yes' or 'no' to these questions I am going to ask you? Lady Florence will not, I think, suspect you of being an accomplice, as she phrases it; you think you have no cause to love me, Miss Trevanion, as I will call you?"

Nora opened her lips to call him villain again, but prudently checked himself.

"I will answer," she said; "but on one condition—that you leave the house immediately you have my answers.

"Good," he said. "Now, you were at Luib in Scotland on November the 30th with Mr. Vane Tempest?"

"I was," said Nora. As she spoke, the door opened and Mr. Lester entered. At a sign from Nora, which Senley Tyers, intent upon his note-book, did not perceive, he remained standing by the door.

"You were, on the night of the 30th—in the presence of myself, the landlady of the house in which you wer living, and her daughter—declared by Vane Tempest to be his wife. Is that so, or is it not? I may as well tell you before you answer, Mrs. Tempest"—Nora scarcely noticed the name by which he had addressed her, but Lady Florence did, and she caught the edge of the table, and glared fiercely, proudly, defiantly at Nora—"that I hold here"—he touched some papers with his thin, white forefinger—"the affidavits of those people and my own. In our presence Vane Tempest declared you to be his wife, and you assented. Is not that so?"

"It is," said Nora coldly. As she spoke, Mr. Lester stepped forward and noiselessly took the affidavits from Senley Tyers' hand. He started and swung round upon him, but before he could speak Mr. Lester took the initiative.

"My name is Lester," he said. "I am a solicitor and Miss Vale's friend. I have heard your statement, sir; and I act on her behalf. Pray proceed."

Senley Tyers bit his lip and seemed nonplussed for a moment, then he raised his head.

"Very good," he said. "I could desire nothing better. You are a solicitor, Mr. Lester—oh, I know you. I have had a detective watching you and Miss Trevanion—I beg her pardon, I really beg her pardon—Mrs. Tempest, for months past. I now appeal to you for your decision. You know the Scotch law of marriage, doubtless?"

Mr. Lester inclined his head. He had been examining the papers, and there was an exceedingly grave expression on his his face.

"Well, then, I ask you, seeing that Miss Nora Trevanion was in Scotland, declared by Mr. Vane Tempest to be his wife, and assented to the statement before witnesses, is she or is she not his lawful wife?"

Mr. Lester stepped forward and drew Nora's arm within his.

"She is his wife," he said solemnly. "As his wife as surely as if she had been married, with all due form, in an English church or before a Registrar."

Nora felt her feet slipping from her; the room spinning round. She was going to faint; but a cry from Lady Florence restored her.

"It is a lie!" exclaimed Lady Florence. "That woman—that woman his wife! It is a lie, it is——" She sank into a chair and hid her face in her hands, then suddenly rose and swept with fierce defiant hauteur to Nora. "You the wife of Vane Tempest! You who, lost to all sense of decency——"

Senley Tyers touched her arm.

"Come," he said in a whisper. "It is true; you cannot undo it. This gentleman is not in league with me; Mrs. Tempest hates me like poison, and would rather contradict than agree with me. Come away! There is no time to lose." She would have shaken him off, but his grip was too tight. "Be sensible," he whispered hurriedly. "You are beaten. Fate, as well as I, has been too many for you. Come! See, you are but adding to her triumph and your own discomfiture. Call your pride to your aid——"

She put her hand to her throat as if she were choking, and her eyes half closed.

Milly uttered a cry of alarm.

"Look, look; she is dying!"

Lady Florence raised her head and looked round with a dazed stare, as if only half conscious; then as her eyes fell upon Nora she seemed to realize all that had happened.

"So you are his wife—you, and not I!" she said painfully. "Tell him—tell him that I pity him; yes, pity him! That I could wish him no harder fate than that of being tied to the woman who disgraced herself by playing the part of Ernest Mortimer."

A cry—the first—escaped Nora's lips, and she hid her face for a moment; then drawing herself to her full height, the splendid light of indignant passion flashing from her eyes, she gave back the blow.

"No, Lady Florence. I may or may not be his wife, but I will not give him your message. It would be useless. He would refuse to accept your love!"

She had returned her rival's blow; but in doing so she had exhausted the remnant of her own strength, and with the last word she fell back into Mr. Lester's arms.

In the confusion that ensued, for Milly's shrieks brought the servants flocking into the room, Senley Tyers drew Lady Florence away, hurried her through the hall and into the carriage.

"Drive to the station," he said to the coachman. "You have just time to catch the mail. Get up on the box," he said to the maid peremptorily, and after a moment's hesitation, and a questioning glance at the mistress who lay back in a corner of the carriage as if half unconscious, the maid obeyed. He got in and sat for a while silent, his hands on his knees, watching her. At last, when they had traversed some miles, he ventured to touch her hand.

"Florence!"

She flung his hand from her and looked at him.

"You here still!" she said hoarsely.

"Florence, my dearest!" he murmured reproachfully.

She leant forward and looked into his face, then burst into a harsh laugh of scorn and derision.

"I had forgotten you!" she said.

"Forgotten?" he exclaimed.

"Yes! Why are you here? Where are you taking me?"

"To London first," he said; "then across the seas. The destination you shall choose, Florence."

"In-deed!" she said, with bitter irony. "Mr. Tyers, I congratulate you on the success of your plot: but it is not quite as complete as you imagine. I conjecture, by your extraordinary insolence in entering this carriage, that you are under the impression that I am in your power—that, in short, I am willing to be your—what?—wife or mistress!" she laughed.

"Why are you so angry?" he plead d. "what is the use of it? You are—well, yes, to put it bluntly, brutally—in my power. You—you love Vane Tempest too well to see him injured? Alas! I know that, Florence! Would that you were indifferent!"

"Well?" she said. "But I am weary of you and your schemes! Stop the carriage, and allow me to alight, or, let my maid return, and take us back to my father's, please."

"You cannot go back," he said quietly.

"In-deed!" she said, and her hand darted for the check-string.

He caught her hand and grasped it tightly.

"Be calm—be reasonable," he said. "Refuse to go with me, and the moment I return to London I will apply for a warrant for Vane's arrest on a charge of bigamy! Do you see?"

She looked him full in the face, then a light—the light of a wild joy, the joy of baulking him at last—gleamed in her eyes.

"You fool!" she hissed. "We were not married! Vane is not at the Grange!"

He tried to smile as if he did not believe her; but the truth shone in her eyes, in her exultant laugh.

"Too clever, Mr. Tyers!" she said. "The wedding was postponed!"

"Postponed!" he said, trying to speak suavely, his lips trembling. "Why? I do not believe——"

She plucked the check-string from his hand and as the carriage came to a sudden

standstill, she let down the window and called her maid.

"Pauline!" her voice came sharp and clear. "Tell Mr. Tyers why the marriage was postponed. Quick!"

The maid looked round from her seat on the box.

"Surely monsieur has heard!" she said in her broken English. "It is that the Earl of Westleigh is dead suddenly, and that Mr. Tempest was called away——"

CHAPTER XL.

SENLEY TYERS fell back in the carriage as if he had been struck, and covered his eyes with his hand. He saw now why Lady Florence had so promptly consented to accompany him. All through the drive he had been wondering in a vague way, in the midst of his mental excitement, why she had done so, why she had given way with so little hesitation. It was all plain now. She was not married; she was then beyond his reach, out of his power. His hand dropped from his eyes, and he looked at her as a man looks at the foe who suddenly rises from the ground upon which he has been thrown and becomes the victor instead of the vanquished.

Lady Florence met the look and laughed with pitiless scorn.

"For a clever man, one who prides himself upon his astuteness, Mr. Tyers," she said, "you have been singularly obtuse."

"Yes," he said with a kind of dull resignation.

She laughed again. Her eyes glittered, there was a spot on each cheek.

"I am glad you admit your blunder," she said; "and now, please, as our little comedy is over, perhaps you will be good enough to tell your coachman to drive back to the Grange."

"And if I refuse?" he said in the same dull, expressionless way.

"Then I shall wait until we reach the station, and summon the officials to rescue me from the hands of a madman."

"Take care," he said warningly. "You are nearly right; I am almost mad, and madmen are dangerous."

"I do not fear you, mad or sane," she said haughtily. "You threaten to shoot me—I suppose that is what you mean?" she laughed drearily. "It is the greatest kindness you can do me, and I do not think you are capable of a kindness."

"Not to you," he said. "It is love or hate between us, Florence."

"Let it be hate by all means; I prefer it. And now will you tell the coachman to turn, please? I shall be delighted to give you a lift as far as the Grange, where my father will be pleased to hear a full account of this business from *you*." She laughed. "Really, Mr. Tyers, though both of us are to be pitied, you, I think, need the most sympathy."

He leant forward and touched her arm, not roughly, but with a more ominous delicacy.

"Do not—do not, I beg of you, drive me too hard!" he said hoarsely. "Yes, I am to be pitied. Lady Florence, you cannot know what love means, or even you would spare me. All that I have done, the work of weary months, has been done to gain you. The hope of my life is destroyed—lies shattered. A better man could bear it better than I can. It has been everything to me—everything; dearer than the desire of life. And I have lost. If there is a heart in your bosom, spare me your gibes; do not gloat over me."

Even Lady Florence was conscious of a faint spasm of pity for him.

"Let the coachman drive to the station," she said coldly. "You can leave me there and go to London. "If you will take a word of advice from me——"

He raised his head and looked at her.

"Do not remain there. Leave England before Vane"—her voice faltered as she spoke the name—"can reach you. You, who know him so well, know that he will not let you go unpunished. Put the seas between you and him."

"You care enough for me to—to warn me?" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Not at all. But I care enough for myself not to wish to be connected with a murder case. Mr. Tyers, Vane Tempest will kill you."

A strange smile flitted over his sallow face.

"Lady Florence, I care as little for life as you do. I am not afraid of what Vane may do."

He put up his hands to his eyes again, and lapsed into silence. The carriage rattled on and reached the station. He bent forward and laid his hands upon her arms.

"Do not be afraid," he said quietly, "I am only going to say 'good-bye,' Florence, we may never meet again."

She shrank from him; her face, white with a sudden fear, turned up to his.

"I have lost you. We part for ever. Will you give me one—the first and last kiss—or must I take it?"

Her lips opened to call out, but her voice refused to obey her will.

He bent still lower and pressed his lips to hers in a passionate, despairing kiss, then, as she fell back panting, he opened the door and stepped out.

She heard him in quite a calm, ordinary manner, tell the coachman to drive back to the Grange, and saw him enter the station without even a glance at the carriage; then the horses turned, and he was lost to sight.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile Nora had recovered from her fainting fit. The first thing she did on coming-to and remembering what had happened was to burst into tears; and Mr. Lester and Milly wisely let her alone until the storm had passed; but when Nora, clasping her hands, passionately exclaimed, "Oh, I wish I were dead!" Milly's self-restraint gave way.

"Oh, I never heard anything so wicked in my life!" she ejaculated. "To wish yourself dead the very moment Providence makes you happy."

"Happy!" broke in Nora. "Happy! How can you say so when—when I know that—that he did not intend it; that he did not mean to make me his wife?"

"Oh, Nora!"

"Not then, not that night!" she said desperately. "I am not fit to be his wife; you heard what Lady Florence said?"

"Quite distinctly," said Mr. Lester dryly; "but it does not follow that I agree with her."

"But perhaps it isn't true," said Nora, with a deep sigh. "Perhaps there is some mistake, some—something that makes the marriage not a real one."

She looked at Mr. Lester eagerly.

He shook his head.

"It is a perfectly sound marriage," he said gravely.

"Then," she said, as if with a sudden resolution, "I will not take advantage of it. I will go away. He shall not find me, he shall not feel forced to—to own me."

"Oh, Nora!" breathed Milly again.

"Do you know that what Lady Florence said is true?" Nora faltered, her face burning. "It is quite true!" And in broken words, with many tears and sighs, she told the story of "Ernest Mortimer."

"Well?" said Mr. Lester when she had finished.

She stared at him aghast.

"Well! Do you think that I, who did that, am fit to be his wife?"

"He is the best judge of that," said Mr. Lester coolly; "and he appears to have arrived at the decision long ago."

"But—but his friends—the world!" faltered Nora, her face white and red by turns.

Mr. Lester smiled significantly.

"My dear," he said, taking her hand, "the world will not care a pin's point about it. Don't you know that the 'King can do no wrong?' Well, in the eyes of the world, neither can a countess."

"A countess!" echoed poor Nora, putting her hand to her head.

"Mr. Lester nodded gravely.

"I forgot," he said, "you have not heard the news. My dear, Lord Westleigh and his son are dead, and Mr. Vane Tempest—your husband—is now the earl."

Milly uttered an exclamation and seized Nora's hand.

"A countess? Oh, Nora!"

Nora stared wildly from one to the other.

"Oh, don't you see!" she said, "that only makes it worse! Yes! I must go away and—and hide somewhere——"

"In your own room would be best for the present," said Mr. Lester, with something of authority in his tone. "My dear, you are too bewildered by all that has come to pass to form a proper judgment. To-morrow——"

"To-morrow!" said Nora feverishly, "I must leave here—I must go somewhere! I will never, never be a burden upon him! It is Lady Florence who should be his wife, not I, who am not fit——"

She broke down again, and hurried from the room.

A countess! If it seemed impossible to her that she should be fit to be the wife of Vane Tempest, how much more impossible that she should be the wife of a peer! She could, in her mind's eye, see ill-natured people pointing to her—hear them whisper—"Poor Lord Westleigh! He married a woman who went about in man's clothes!" All the world would know the story of her folly, and insist upon giving it a worse—a harder name than folly.

She rang for her maid.

"Be ready to leave here to-morrow, or—or the day after," she said firmly. "We shall go on the Continent."

Then, later in the day, she sought Milly.

"Don't say a word, dear," she entreated, almost commanded. "We will go away—far away—and stay away for years. There is nothing else to be done."

To her surprise Milly offered no further remonstrance.

"Very well. Now mind—. But you must give me three days," she said.

That was all. But when her father came in she said quite casually—

"Papa, where did Lady Florence Heathcote come from—where is she staying, I mean, for the wedding?"

Mr. Lester told her. He looked grave and anxious.

"How is Nora?" he asked. "I am afraid we shall have trouble with her, Milly. I never saw anyone so determined to wreck her own happiness, and I'm afraid she'll succeed."

"Perhaps," was all Milly said oracularly pursing up her lips; "we shall see. Papa, I want a groom to ride into the town for me."

"What for?" he asked mechanically. "Can I do it?"

"No, you can't. It is a prescription," she replied concisely.

"Very well," he said; and he rang the bell and ordered the groom.

Immediately after the funeral Vane started to return to the Grange. The lawyers grumbled, and would have detained him; but they found that they had to do with quite a changed man—a man as unlike the old, easily-yielding Vane Tempest as it is possible to imagine.

Looking pale and stern in his black clothes, he reached the Grange late in the afternoon, and inquired of the butler—who somehow seemed more deferential to the Earl of Westleigh than he had been to Mr. Vane Tempest—for Lady Florence.

"Her ladyship is not in, my lord," he said; "but I was to ask you to go to his lordship." And he conducted Vane to the library.

Lord Warlock was sitting in his chair with his leg bandaged and up on a rest.

"Well?" he growled. "Back already? Don't come near me! Yes, I've got it—got it badly; and it would be a deuce of a strange thing if I hadn't with all this fuss and bother."

"Where is Florence?" asked Vane, leaning against the mantelshelf.

He looked tired and worn, and he asked the question in the manner and tone of a man bent upon discharging a solemn duty at any and every cost.

Lord Warlock swore.

"Florence? Heaven knows! On the road to Algiers, I believe! She went off the morning after the wedding-day, alone with her maid, and with no explanation; excepting that she felt that if she didn't get out of England she should die."

"What!"

"You may well look surprised. Perhaps a note she left for you may explain her conduct. It's there, on the mantelshelf. Don't, for heaven's sake, touch me!"

Vane reached for the note, and found two instead of one.

"There are two," he said.

"Yes," said the earl; "the other came yesterday. A groom brought it. What does she say?"

Vane opened the note in Lady Florence's handwriting. It was as short as it was significant.

"I have left England. Our marriage can never take place. You asked me to release you, and, like a fool, I refused. Since you have gone I have become wiser. Take your freedom. This is my last word."

Vane handed the note to Lord Warlock.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

Lord Warlock shook his hand and swore again. He was one of the old Troy noblemen, who used the language of his forefathers.

"How the deuce should I know! But if Florence says this she means it."

"I must follow her and learn what she does mean," said Vane.

Lord Warlock laughed grimly.

"All right," he said; "better go at once, then. But upon my soul, if you are a wise man, you will go back to Westleigh and look after your affairs; for if Florence says she won't marry you she won't, and there's an end of it. I've never succeeded in making her change her mind, and, with all deference, I'm hanged if I think you will. She has always been her own mistress, and no one has ever ventured to interfere with her. Take my advice, and don't try it."

While he had been speaking Vane had opened the other envelope. It contained a sheet of paper with these words—

"A young lady wishes to see you at Vale Hall."

That was all; no date, no signature. The blood rushed to his face, and he stared at the note all confused. Could it be from Nora? His heart leapt. No; it was in a sharp, angular, practised hand—it was not from her. Had she asked anyone to write for her? The thought, the hope, set the blood dancing through the veins like fire.

The old earl watched him.

"What is it?" he asked irritably. "Lord, how I hate all this fuss and misery! There, don't tell me; the doctor says I'm not to be worried, and, by heaven, I won't be. Go and dress for dinner——"

Vane shook his head; it was in a whirl.

"I can't stop," he said. "I must go——" and before he had finished the sentence he had left the room.

The old man rang the bell furiously.

"Send my man here," he shouted, "and if you let anyone else come near me till I give you permission, I'll—I'll discharge every servant in the house."

With the note in his hand Vane hurried to the stables.

"Let me have the best horse you've got," he said briefly, "and as quickly as you can."

They saddled a fast hunter for him, and in a very few minutes he was on the road to Vale Hall.

He did not spare the horse, but it was dark when he rode up the avenue, in which, on his first visit, Reuben Vale had been hedge-clipping. When he flung the reins to a groom at the wide entrance he saw through the open doorway a pile of boxes and packing-cases. His heart beat half with fear, half with hope as he stood amidst the confusion and waited for his name to be sent in.

Presently a door opened and a young girl, with hair falling in a profusion of curls round her face, came towards him leaning upon a maid's arm. She sank on to one of the boxes and looked at him with profound scrutiny, which gradually changed to an expression of satisfaction.

"You are Mr. Vane Tempest—I mean, the Earl of Westleigh?" she said, just when Vane had decided that she would never speak.

"I am," he said, his musical voice slightly tremulous and impatient, "and you——"

"I'm Milly Lester," said Milly; "Nora's friend, you know," and she nodded shrewdly.

Vane took her hand and wrung it and kept it.

"How—how is she?" he stammered.

Milly nodded.

"Very bad—oh, don't be frightened—I mean very obstinate; but so am I. Two can play at that game; that's why I wrote."

"You wrote this note?" he said displaying it.

Milly nodded again.

"Of course. I'm glad you've come; you are nearly too late?"

"Too late?"

"Yes. We are just starting for London—the Continent—for years—for ever——"

Vane uttered an exclamation.

"Where is she?" he demanded impatiently.

Milly eyed him with increased satisfaction. Yes, he was not only handsome and "every inch a lover," but evidently passionately in love.

"Out in the garden picking flowers to take with her, to remind her of the old place," she said. "That is, she is supposed to be picking flowers in the dark—she is really fretting."

He made a movement, as if he intended rushing off to pick flowers also, but Milly's thin hand detained him.

"She is very firm—obstinate.

"So am I," he said grimly.

Milly shook her head.

"She's worse than you, I think," she said. "Mr. Tempest—I mean Lord Westleigh, I'd made up my mind not to like you, but—answer me one question: Do you love Nora?"

He looked at her and laughed desperately.

"And you want her very badly?" asked Milly with child-like gravity.

"I mean to have her," he responded still more grimly.

"It's a free country," said Milly, still holding him. "She'll sent you about your business, unless——" she paused.

"Unless what?"

"Mr. Tempest—oh, bother! I mean Lord Westleigh—do you know anything of the Scotch marriage law?"

He stared at her as if he thought she had suddenly taken leave of her senses.

"Do I—Scotch marriage law? What do you mean?"

"Do you know that if a man, in the presence of witnesses, declares that a woman is his wife and she admits it they are man and wife, legally married, quite legally married?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Oh, bird from the pine-dressed mountains,
Fly over the blue-waved sea,
And bear to my love a message
Of hope and faith from me.

Fly over the wind-tossed billows,
Speed on through the whitening spray,
Out where the sunlight flashes
On the brow of love's summer day.

Fly swift through the darkening shadows,
Fly out from the storm-waves foam,
And bear love's message to her,
From this land where alone I roam.

Fly down through the dying sunset,
And rest on my Mary's breast;
With the message my soul hath sent her,
The message of love and rest.

TWO LETTERS.

BY A. G. B.

CHAPTER I.

LETTICE had always been considered the beauty of the family. She was not clever like Emma, nor musical like Lenore. She was simply beautiful and nothing more. Men seemed to find that quite enough.

There were four of us, Lettice, Emma, Lenore, and myself. I was the youngest, and occupied the proud position of being Lettice's bosom friend. We all lived in a great rambling barrack of a house in the little seaside town of Brunton, and our father was the Rector of the church there. Our income was not by any means large; our visiting list was soon exhausted. It may easily be seen, therefore, that the chance of four pretty, penniless lasses getting "wooed, and married, and a'," was very remote indeed. Still, we felt we were entitled to build high hopes upon Lettice.

She was tall, and fair as a lily, and almost as pale. But then her cheeks wore the creamy, healthy tint which to a right-minded man is worth all the rosy cheeks in existence. She had crisp, golden hair that always looked enchanting, whether it were smooth or whether it were rough; a pair of the deepest blue eyes that ever it has been my luck to see; and a slender, willowy figure, which in some people's eyes was her chief charm.

And yet Lettice was wasting her sweetness on the desert air. Twenty-five, and still unwed!

Of course, there was always Arthur Wells, who had been desperately in love with her from his youth up, but then he did not count at all. Indeed, Lettice was cruel enough on one occasion to refer to him as "an alleviating circumstance," which, considering his intense adoration for her, was hardly feeling.

Arthur Wells was old Sir Ludovic Wells' nephew, and, had there been no other Wells in the case, would without doubt have succeeded to his uncle's title and estates, the latter bringing in a respectable rent-roll of five thousand a year.

But then, as the Fates would have it, Sir Ludovic owned two stalwart, handsome sons; and nothing was more unlikely than that they should be polite enough to remove themselves from this troublesome world, in order to leave the stage clear for their cousin Arthur.

No; Ludovic, the younger, and Henry, his brother, throve and waxed great in strength and health. There was not the ghost of a chance for Arthur, who could hardly have the audacity to propose seriously to the beautiful Lettice that they should shut themselves up together for life in a semi-detached villa, on three hundred pounds a year, to murmur at the price of coal and butter! No, the thing could not be done, and Arthur was wise enough to resign himself to fate.

There were very few young men of any kind in Brunton, and those of a desperately ineligible character. There was the curate—a knock-kneed, shambling creature, with bright red hair and green eyes and the doctor, a struggling young practitioner, who, to judge from appearances, might possibly be able to afford to marry when Lettice was well on to forty years of age.

Affairs were certainly not very promising. We should blush unseen for ever unless something happened. We did not blush unseen for ever.

One day in early summer, when the dog-roses were at the zenith of their delicate beauty, my father came in to us, as we were all sitting at work in our own especial sanctum, with a letter in his hand.

Here let me say that my father was the most unworldly of men. He liked us "girls" to be always about him. I believe it would have grieved him to the heart if he had had to part with one of us. Such a thing as matrimony, especially looked upon from a mercenary point of view, never even occurred to him at all.

We girls had the sense to keep our matrimonial chatter and hopes to ourselves. The letter which he had just received, and which was destined to elate us, only depressed him. There was rather a worried expression on his placid brow.

"An old college friend of mine has just written to me, girls," he announced, "to ask me to look after his son, who is coming here for a month or so for his health."

We pricked up our ears at once.

"Who is it?" we asked in chorus.

We knew that father had known some very "big wigs" in those far-off College days o' his, although he was too modest to even mention them. Was Fate about to smile upon us at last?

"The young man is a foreigner," said my father slowly, "and his name is the Count da Castello."

To say that our eyes nearly fell out of our heads at this piece of news would be but a poor and feeble way of expressing our astonishment.

A Count—a real live Count, certain to be rich, and in all probability handsome! We all looked at Lettice, who blushed consciously. The fish that was about to walk into the net was almost a whale in size and importance.

"Why, papa," said Lenore, "whatever is he coming to this poky little place for?"

My father flushed slightly. He would have been less embarrassed if a crossing-sweeper had asserted claims as to ancient friendship.

"His father and I were great friends long ago, my dears. He is kind enough to wish his son to make my acquaintance, and as the place is very healthy and the Count is not very strong, he wishes him to be here for a while. Of course he will stay at the hotel. The Duc da Castello writes a very kind letter," he added, looking at the paper in his hand.

We had none of us before ever had the least idea that my father had ever spoken to a Duke in his life, and though it was a foreign Duke—well, a Duke's a Duke for all that.

Of course we had dozens of questions to ask, all of which my father answered with his usual gentle patience.

The young Count had been in England before—oh, yes, and could speak English fairly well. He would propably be about six or seven-and-twenty—not a young boy by any means. Rich—yes, he was certainly rich—very wealthy indeed, he believed.

As to how we were to amuse him, that was quite a different thing. He supposed young people always got on together some how. Luckily it was summer, and we could golf and play tennis to our hearts' content. He hoped we would do our best to make things pleasant for the stranger.

"Poor dear daddy," said Lenore, with a half-remorseful smile as he went out at the door. "He has no idea what a mercenary, money-hunting lot we are, or he wouldn't press us to be quite so pleasant."

"But after all, it is glorious news," said Emma meditatively. "I do envy you, Lettice!"

She sighed as she looked at herself in the glass.

"No one has the chance when you are by," she added discontentedly. "I am quite nice-looking when you are out of the room."

We all laughed, and began to discuss our wardrobe, and what were the most suitable costumes for fascinating the foreign eye. Lettice was unusually silent. Indeed, she had hardly spoken at all. She smiled faintly when we suggested all the fine things she could do for us when once she was the Countess da Castello, and told us with sensible severity not to be so foolish as to count our chickens before they were hatched.

"I never yet knew the man who didn't admire you," said Emma sturdily. "Take all the men about here, for instance—they are a precious poor lot, still they are men—and see if I'm not right! Mr. Potter fell head over ears in love at first sight, and Dr. Hemingway would propose to-morrow if he thought you would accept him. As for Arthur Wells——"

She paused with a significant shrug of the shoulders that spoke volumes. Lettice gathered up her work in her arms and went out of the room with a slight flush on her fair face. In spite of her light talk about Arthur Wells, there were times when we were none of us very sure as to what were her real feelings on the subject. Not even to me—me, the favored confidante—did she ever say one syllable about him save in a jesting way.

But she began to talk of her own accord that night about the Count da Castello.

"I wonder what he will be like," she said meditatively, as she unwound her long fair hair and began to brush it slowly before retiring for the night.

We shared the same room, and many had been the girlish confidences and hopes that those four walls had heard.

"He will be very dark, of course," I replied, "and perhaps handsome. But that doesn't matter so much if he is nice. I rather like ugly men."

Lettice went on brushing out the veil of fair hair that fell far below her waist.

"The most important thing of all is that he should fall in love with you," I went on from my perch on the deep old-fashioned window-seat, where I was sitting gazing out into the starry June night, "and, fortunately, there isn't much doubt about that."

"You are a silly child!" returned my sister, with rather ungrateful petulance. "You think, because all the weedy creature here admire me, that a rich and handsome foreigner of title is certain to ask me to be his wife. Absurd!"

"Should you have him if he did?" I asked curiously.

"Without the slightest hesitation."

I always liked matrimonial discussions with Lettice, because we held such very different views on the subject. I, being young and sentimental, was all for love; Lettice, with all the stern, practical common-sense of twenty-five unmarried years, was all for money.

"You might not like him," I suggested, after a pause.

"It would take a great deal to make me dislike a rich young Count," returned Lettice, with a curl of her lip. "I am more tired than I can tell you of the life we are leading now. I want to enjoy myself, and see the world, and be admired," she added frankly.

I clasped my hands round my knees, and began again.

"Supposing that you were unhappy after you married him? Supposing you saw some one else you liked better?"

"I shouldn't be unhappy after I was married," returned my sister decidedly. "I am not in the least sentimental."

"I think it is very wrong indeed to marry for money," I said, with sudden virtue.

"So do I—in theory. But now and then one can't help oneself. It is generally the wrong man who has the fortune," she added, with unusual bitterness.

I determined to approach a subject on which I had always felt the deepest curiosity, but which I had never ventured to seriously allude to before.

"Lettice!"

"Well?"

"Do you—are you—how do you feel—really, I mean—about Arthur Wells?"

Lettice turned her head away, but not before I had seen her flush.

"He is a nice boy," she said carelessly, "and so useful and so pleasant, too. I am very fond of Arthur."

"But you wouldn't marry him?"

"'Pas si bete,' my dear. I should be unhappy after that marriage, if you like."

"Why?"

"I should feel I had thrown myself away; and what is more, I am afraid I should make him feel it, too. I put aside the idea years ago, Ellen, and Arthur knows it."

"It is very hard if—if you like him," I remarked, a little surprised at her extreme calmness.

"I like him quite as much as I shall ever like any one; but I dare say that isn't very much, after all. At any rate, it is not enough to make me sacrifice my whole future life for his sake."

She plaited her soft hair closely as she spoke, and smiled at her own fair image in the glass.

"It's very funny that I don't feel more," she remarked, half to herself; "but at the same time it is extremely convenient."

I did not believe myself that she was nearly as heartless as she chose to make out, and in spite of the handsome phantom of the future, I rather preferred the present suitor.

But nothing would induce Lettice to talk any more about him that night. She had put aside her fancy for him once and for all with a firm hand, and she was not the kind of girl to be entrapped into half-sentimental admissions of regret.

* * * * * *

Three days later the Count arrived upon the scene.

I do not think we have any of us ever forgotten the afternoon he came. We were sitting in the big old sunny drawing-room just before tea. All the windows were open, and the scent of the sweet-briar hedges, for which the rectory was famous, floated in and filled the air with pungent fragrance. Lettice was sitting at the window with the sun shining full upon her fair head, turning every thread of it to deep, deep gold.

"My dear," said my father's voice suddenly behind her, "let me introduce my old friend's son to you. Count da Castello, this is my eldest daughter, Lettice."

She turned with a swift, surprised flush on her usually pale face, and I thought I had never seen her look so lovely. I was not surprised at the look of bold and open admiration with which the Count regarded her.

He was undoubtedly an extremely handsome man, but for all that I felt a thrill of unutterable repugnance towards him. I wondered if Lettice felt it too. He was tall and slender, with clearly-cut features and a haughty, aristocratic air. He was dark as an Italian brigand, handsome as a Spanish toreador. His eyes were almost sombre in their velvety blackness.

But there was no doubt whatever that he was very much struck with Lettice. Father asked him to tea as a matter of course, and ten minutes later we were all sitting round that famous table of ours, which seemed to be able to hold any number of extra people without inconvenience.

The Count had a soft and mellow voice, and what I suppose must be called fascinating manners. He spoke English to perfection, with just a touch of foreign accent which made it all the more taking; but every now and then he lapsed unconsciously into Italian, correcting himself with a slight laugh at his own forgetfulness, and he invariably addressed us as "Signorina."

He professed himself delighted with the quaint gabled Rectory and its wandering rooms. There was an old-world flavor he declared, in the shabby, spindle-legged furniture, the old blue china, and the oak-paneled parlors. He raved, too, over the odor of sweet-briar, which pervaded everything with its wholesome fragrance. Its perfume was, he said, "so fresh, so English."

The budding flowers in the garden, too, came in for a share of ecstatic admiration as we wandered idly thither after tea was over. The Count was disposed to admire anything and everything in his present frame of mind.

Lettice was quieter than usual. Certainly the Count was enthusiastic and ardent enough for both. He was plainly at her feet already. He was apparently going to succumb without a struggle. Unless, indeed, he were one of those masculine flirts who make love to every pretty woman they meet with almost equal ardor. Time and the future would show that. At present he talked to no one but Lettice, and had eyes for no one but Lettice. So far everything was as it should be.

When he had gone I asked her how she liked him. Emma and Lenore were loud in their praises—so handsome, so fascinating, with such enchanting manners! And his eyes! Had we noticed his eyes?"

"Yes, I noticed his eyes," said Lettice.

If it had not been dusk I should have thought that she looked troubled and uneasy. As it was, I fancied the fast-falling twilight might have deceived me.

"Do you like him?" I persisted.

She roused herself from a meditative reverie with a start and a distinct shiver.

"I don't know, Ellen," she answered slowly. "But I should not like to have him for my enemy."

CHAPTER II.

TWO days later the Count sent Lettice an enormous bouquet of beautiful roses—a truly foreign way of showing admiration, as we English country-bred damsels thought. We could not imagine where he had got such flowers from—great deep crimson-hearted roses and exquisite fragile white ones, almost every variety, indeed, that it is possible to imagine. We thought he must have bribed some gardener to give him the contents of a greenhouse whose owner was temporarily absent; but afterwards we learned that he had telegraphed to London for them.

Lettice sat with the gorgeous flowers in her lap with an odd expression on her face, while we clustered round her and loudly extolled the Count and congratulated her on her good fortune. She did not say anything for a while; then she swept the roses with a sudden petulant movement from her lap to the floor; some

of the scented petals fall from the heart of the flowers and lay upon the carpet.

"I wish he had not sent them," she said, with an almost violent impatience in her voice.

I stooped to pick the lovely, innocent things up. As I did so a shadow darkened the doorway, and, looking up, to my horror I saw that the Count himself had been a witness of this little scene. Possibly, too, he had heard Lettice's petulant remark. He had followed his gift almost immediately.

"Am I so unfortunate that my little offering is displeasing to the Signorina?" he asked politely from the doorway, where he remained standing.

His eyes—the eyes that we all admired so much, and which Lettice shuddered away from—were fixed on her face with a half-mocking, half-dominant expression in their sombre depths.

Lettice blushed crimson and muttered hastily something about his "kindness," and that she was "very fond of flowers."

"So I thought until just now," said the young Count, with his most imperturbable expression of countenance, advancing up the room.

We began to feel uneasy and embarrassed. It was an uncomfortable scene altogether, and for once in our lives we felt rather ashamed of Lettice. How could she treat the Count's present with such impetient ingratitude? One by one we disappeared from the room, and they were left together.

"He is certain to propose," said Emma, when we had safely reached our own sanctum, "if she treats him at all properly. What a pity he came in just then, and how stupid of Lettice to be in such a temper! I only wish he would send roses to me."

"I expect it is only a foreign custom and doesn't mean much," I remarked astutely. "He may not be in love with her after all."

"You have only got to look at his eyes to see that," said Emma very decidedly. "He never takes them off her, and he looks at her in such a way—I am sure I should feel quite uncomfortable."

"I wonder what will happen, and what he is saying to her now?" said Lenore musingly. "Foreigners are so quick in things of this kind."

I said nothing, but like the parrot in the story, I thought the more.

Emma was quite right in saying that the young Count was desperately in love. There was a sort of fierceness in his eyes when he looked at Lettice, that boded ill for her in the future if she crossed or thwarted him. It was a curious affair all through—shrinking repulsion on one side, combined with a strange fascination, and fiery, passionate, overbearing love on the other. I wondered which would win the day.

I had not long to wait. As Lenore remarked, foreign courtship is evidently carried on in a very rapid fashion. At the end of a fortnight, Lettice came into our room one day after she had been walking about with the Count, and threw herself into a chair with something very like a groan.

"What is the matter?" I asked from my seat in the deep window, where I was reading, unobserved.

"Oh, are you there, Ellen?" said my sister, with rather a vexed expression.

Then after a pause she added:

"Well, you would have to know some day, and you may just as well know first as last. Besides, I would rather you hear it before the others. The Count has proposed to me, Ellen."

I dropped my novel, finding a real romance more interesting than the fictitious personages in the book.

"When?" I demanded breathlessly.

"About a quarter of an hour ago—in the rose-garden."

She began to play absently with some flowers in her belt, pulling them slowly to pieces in rather a vindictive fashion. They were very rare flowers, and I knew the Count had given them to her.

"What did you say," I asked curiously, "and what did he say?"

"He?"

She laughed a little, and then sighed.

"Oh, the usual rhodomontade, of course! Men are very much alike all the world over. Only the Count is—is—more so!"

"That means that he made desperate love to you, I suppose" I said slowly.

"Well, yes, that is what it amount to."

She threw away the flowers she had been playing with suddenly.

"I tell you, Ellen, the man terrifies me," she said, in a very different tone from the one she had been using. "He is so earnest, so fierce, so—mad!"

I looked at her in some surprise. Her face was quite white, and her lips were trembling. It was very unlike Lettice to be so moved about anything. I got down from my perch in the window-seat, and put a protecting arm about her.

"But you needn't marry him, Lettice dear, if you feel like that about him. Of course, we all talked a great deal of nonsense about your being a Countess and all that—and it would have been very nice, too—but it certainly isn't worth while being so wretched about it."

She sat quite still, breathing rather quickly. Then she got up and began to take off her things.

"I have promised to marry him, Ellen, and I cannot draw back now. Besides, I have no wish to. I shall be very rich, I shall have a title, and my husband will adore me. What more can I want? Should I do better if I were to stay on here and end by marrying Dr. Hemingway?"

She laughed a little, but I couldn't.

"Lettice, I am sure you will be horribly unhappy," I said earnestly. "You ought not to marry him if you don't like him."

"I do like him—immensely," she said contradictorily, "and I have been very foolish to talk as I have been doing. The only fault I can find with him is that he loves me too much—and that is certainly a fault that time will mend. Come, Ellen," she added gaily, "don't look at me with those desperate, frightened eyes. The Count won't eat me, and I mean to be very happy."

She kissed me, and we went downstairs together, hand in hand. But I did not feel easy, for all that. That the Count had some influence over her I had no doubt, but it was an influence that had elements of repulsion in it. It struck me that a boa constrictor and a rabbit might very well stand as examples of the relations between Lettice and the Count. But these sentiments I kept to myself.

Lettice announced her engagement to the family the next day. She was then in possession of a magnificent diamond betrothal ring, and the Count had received my father's permission for the match.

The Count himself was quite perfect in his behavior to us all. He came every day after this, and bought us innumerable and costly presents. The gifts he showered on Lettice had legion for their name. I don't think I ever saw a man more devotedly attached to a woman. And yet Lettice could not prevent herself, try as she would, from treating him with cold indifference. The Count seemed to love her all the more for her caprices.

He often talked to me about her, as he knew she liked me better than the rest. His handsome face and splendid eyes would light up with pleasure at the mere mention of her name.

Foreigners are proverbially less reticent than their English brethren in their "affaires de coeur," and I was the recipient of many curious rhapsodies on the subject of my sister's charms.

"Only to think," said Da Castello to me one day, when Lettice had left us alone together for a few minutes, "only to think that if I had not come to England this time I should never have seen her! My beautiful lily — the one woman in the world for me! What should I have done without her?"

His eyes were following her retreating form with an expression of ecstatic tenderness in them.

I brought him down to earth again.

"You would have married some one else," I said bluntly.

"Never!" said the Count, turning his mysterious eyes on me. "I should have gone through life without having found my twin soul."

"You might not have found your twin soul, but you would have married all the same. Besides, how do you know that Lettice is your twin soul?"

"By the power of my love for her," he answered fiercely. "I think I love her as no man ever loved woman before." ("They all say that," was my mental note.) "If she were in the furthermost depths of hell I should go in search of, and rescue her."

I understood why Da Castello sometimes terrified his English sweetheart. Certainly he had a very strong way of putting things, and his eyes had a glow in them which was not altogether tranquillizing.

"That is all very well now," I replied, "but how about the future? You don't really understand Lettice, and I am quite sure she does not understand you. A foreigner can never hope to comprehend an English woman."

Da Castello gave a short laugh.

"Love has no nationality," he observed, with superb scorn; "when two souls love each other, they don't stop to ask whether their bodies are French or German."

"No, but they sometimes fall out about the cooking afterwards," I rejoined smartly.

"You are a funny child, Ellen," he remarked patronizingly. "As if Lettice and I should ever fall out about anything! As for such a sordid question as cookery——" he shrugged his shoulders in truly foreign fashion, expressive of the deepest disdain, and became silent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT THE OWL.

LADY MACBETH apparently remarks, immediately previous to the death of Duncan

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good-night,

and when Macbeth comes to her, fresh from the murder, she again says: "I heard the owl scream."

King Henry the Sixth tells Gloucester the owl shrieked at his birth, and when the latter becomes Richard the Third, and hears of his enemies rising in every quarter, he exclaims: "Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of death?" The Stratford genius frequently used the bird as a portentous symbol, and he was warranted in so doing.

The owl was frequently associated with an ivy-bush, hence Drayton's lines:

And like an owle by night to go abroad,
Roosted all day within an ivy-tod.

Let us instance a few curiosities connected with the bird. The Rev. F. O. Morris, in his "Records of Animal Sagacity and Character," mentions a specimen that was very partial to music, and another that hatched a chicken and was subsequently very attentive and kind to it.

Willsford, in "Nature's Secrets," writes: "Owls whooping after sunset, and in the night, foreshows a fair day to ensue; but, if she names herself in French (Huette), expect then fickle and inconstant weather, but most usually rain."

Belson gives an account of the use which falconers made of the owl by tacking foxes' tails to it and letting it fly, thus attracting the curiosity of the kite, which was so surprised and consequently captured. Mrs. Elizabeth Pym relates a singular story anent an owl belonging to her sister, which was a great favorite. When she was married, on her wedding-day it flew three times round the apartment, and then departed; which act was at the time looked upon as the forerunner of some disaster, but happily none ever occurred.

Worcestershire folk in the Yeme Valley style the bird "Tommy Trotter." The Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, in "English Folk Lore," says that in Yorkshire "owl-broth" is considered a certain specific for the "chin-cough" or hooping-cough. Shakespeare, again mentions "owlet's wing, for a charm."

Old ballads and legends speak of the owl's exalted parentage; and Waterton, in his "Essays on Natural History," quotes a rural song, complaining of its fall from its high estate:

Once I was a monarch's daughter,
And sat on a lady's knee;
But am now a nightly rover,
Banished to the ivy-tree.
Crying hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo,
Hoo, hoo, hoo, my feet are cold.
Pity me, for here you see me
Persecuted, poor, and old.

James Orchard Halliwell, in his "Popular Rhymes," under "Nature's Songs," quotes a fairy tale from "The Gentleman's Magazine," current in Herefordshire. A fairy, disguised as an old distressed woman, went to a baker's shop and begged some dough of the daughter, of whom she obtained a very small piece. This she further requested leave to bake in the oven, where it swelling to the size of a large loaf, the baker's daughter refused to let her have it. She, however, gave the supposed mendicant another piece of dough, but less than the first; this increased still more than the former, and was again retained. A third, still smaller piece, grew even larger than the others, and was again voted too big to give away. The fairy, now convinced of the woman's covetousness, indignantly resumed her proper form, and striking the culprit with her wand, she was transformed into an owl.

MRS. GOSSIPPE—"I hear you attracted much notice on your appearance in the social world abroad." Mrs. Numoney—"I should say so. I wore on an average from $20,000 to $35,000 of diamonds every ball I went to."

PLEURISY PAINS, and all Asthmatic and Bronchial affections are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

Scientific and Useful.

A NEW CARTRIDGE.—Dr. Ochse has invented a new cartridge, the charge of which is acidulated water. This, on decomposition by electricity, gives oxygen and hydrogen, and on ignition of these gases suddenly developes a pressure of 5800 atmospheres.

ALUMINIUM.—Aluminium cabs, or fiacres, are about to be tested in Paris by the cab company "L'Urbaine," which owns the largest number of the fiacres circulating in the French capital. The company is using now tinplate cases or bodies for its cabs, and it is reckoned that an ordinary coupe weighs about 500 kilogrammes, a little more than 1000 pounds. It is expected that this weight will be greatly reduced, if experiment shall prove that aluminium cabs are a feasible and practical thing.

INSTRUMENTS.—A physician who got rid of some of his steel instruments and bought others made of aluminum says that he is sorry that he changed. The aluminum probes, sounds, tongue depressors and that sort of thing do not oxidize, to be sure, but he finds that they are deficient in elasticity, and stay bent after pressure. He declares, moreover, that he likes to feel as if he had a hold on something when he uses an instrument, and aluminum is so light that it makes him feel as if he could put no trust in it.

INDIA RUBBER.—In Germany, India rubber is beginning to be used instead of carpets or wood flooring in apartments: or, rather, many experiments are being made in this direction. The rubber is employed in the form of sheets, one metre square and five centimetres thick, which are placed side by side, after the floor has received a coating of beton. These floors are easily washed, and on this account, and also because kegs can be easily rolled on them, they will be used in breweries and other places where heavy objects have to be moved.

Farm and Garden.

FODDER.—When you are husking corn this fall, and design the stalks for the cows, don't be afraid to leave all of the nubbin ears unhusked. The cows will eat them with the fodder, and will be greatly helped on milk yield thereby.

A RAINY DAY.—A rainy day depresses the market and one so unfortunate as to have fruits or vegetables arrive on such a day is likely to suffer in consequence. So we see how circumstances utterly beyond control or foresight effect prices.

BROOD SOWS.—A brood sow that has a range, or a large yard, so to have sufficient exercise, will nearly always produce strong and vigorous pigs. If too closely confined she becomes very fat, which is not a desirable condition for a brood sow.

CORN.—If all smutty corn is thrown out when the corn is being husked, and consigned to the fire, it will be of advantage. Such corn can be used for fuel more economically than by attempting to utilize it in any other way, as the fire destroys the spores.

THE FENCE.—The fence law which works the greatest good to the greatest number is that which compels a man to fence his own cattle in, rather than to fence other people's out. Where this is once tried it is not easy to persuade people to go back to the old way.

MANURE.—If one-half of the manure that is annually spread on the corn land was used for grass, not only would the hay crop be much larger and the pastures last longer, but the land would be more rapidly improved and the profits from the farm would be larger.

LABOR-SAVING.—The many labor-saving implements and machines now in use upon our farms have probably reduced somewhat the amount of muscular strength required on the farm, but it has not in any way reduced the amount of brains demanded in order to make a successful farmer. In fact, says the Practical Farmer, that is growing every day, and if you wish to equip your son well for his work, you will give him every chance to obtain a good education. It is true, education is not brains, but it teaches one how to use the brain with which Nature has equipped him. Try the agricultural college, and see if it does not help your boy toward becoming a better farmer than you are.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Manly Readiness.

All "Valor" signifies worth. Actually, it is value, which was once written "valure," and a valorous man was one who would win his way by worth and readiness, capacity, ability, boldness. A manly, ready man, first in war, first in love, and equal to the occasion, was the man to be esteemed. Not that fighting was ever to be solely commended.

"There could not produce enough come out of that!" says a quaint thinker. "I suppose the right good fighter was oftenest also the right good forest feller—the right good improver, discerner, doer, and worker of every kind; for the true valor, different enough from ferocity, is the basis of all; a more legitimate kind of valor, that showing itself against the untamed forests and dark brute powers of Nature, to conquer Nature for us."

Truly, then, a valiant man is the true man, if we read this rightly. He is, according to the sound heraldic motto of a noble family, "Ready, aye ready." Whether to do or to die, it matters little to such a man, seeing that, in the battle of human life, each valiant man goes forth, and momently lays down his life. And this he does without thinking, in an honest, straightforward way, taking as his wages, for the most part, hard work and hard living, and looking straight into the future, without much hope of improvement. That is the case with most of us.

It would be well if we all bore this grand truth in our minds. If we did, the craning of our necks after impossible altitudes, the straining of our consciences, and the bent of our minds would be done away with. "Be ye ready, therefore," is the constant injunction in the Bible. There is in all well-bred animals an ease, readiness, and cheerfulness in work that is superior to some men; but those men are little better than fools. There are whole nations that have lain in the background, with regard to others, grumbling, fretting, worrying and going backwards, simply because they were never ready to face their true position.

Readiness is not only manly, but generous. This, we have said before, in pointing out with what vigor well-bred horses work, and well-bred dogs hunt; for generous which we read as an equivalent to liberality, means simply well-bred, of a good stock; and the generous giver, the liberal man, is ever the ready man. It is lucky that it is so.

There are so many hindrances, such coldness, deadness, and delay everywhere, that, if it were not for some forward and excellent spirit, the world would forget itself to marble, and little or nothing would be done; for the unready, if not always close and mean, carry this kind of reflection about them—they are fond of putting things off; they find it convenient to wait; what they have to do will be done quite as well to-morrow, and so on.

Such people no doubt have their use. They are the dead weight which keeps the coach steady, the ballast which trims the boat; but, in another way, they are worse than useless; they are dangerous in the extreme.

One very common result of want of readiness is ill-temper. This is not only produced upon others who witness it, and are the victims of want of decision, but on the unready persons themselves. A certain young lady (and of how many can this be said which is so true of one!) had a habit of debating whether she should rise or not at eight o'clock in the morning, and generally carried on this lazy unready debate so long that it was nine before she got down.

A direct consequence of this was that she was very angry with herself, and even if no word was said, felt miserable and at a discount. The unreadiness, begun in the morning, communicated itself to every other hour in the day; too late for breakfast, too late for dinner, too late for tea; a miserable ten minutes or a quarter of an hour behind time; and upon this hung the comfort, peace and happiness of a whole family.

The reverse holds good with lateness. Not to be ready for church, not to be ready for dinner, not to sit down to tea till all others are placed—these seem small faults, but they make too many families essentially miserable. It is little use if we say that a wife has no other fault but that of never being up to time; that is enough to make any household a miserable one; and it is worse when the head of the family is afflicted with a like disease.

All mankind is weak, afflicted with infirmities, has its fears, its cowardices, its doubts, and thus it is easily led away from its purpose. When a nation is afflicted with the disease, it will very quickly fall into a certain want, desuetude and decay. When any great part of the nation is thus afflicted it will be well to cut and prune away that part, so that the other be not poisoned by it. Speculation, doubt, a weighing of matters over and over again, is not the chief end of man; if it is prompt and energetic action. No proficiency in knowledge, cultivation, poetry, or the fine arts, can give a many anything like compensation for a want of decision—a want of command over himself and his faculties.

Reduce him to an aimless, actionless man, and you make less than an automaton of him. He will dally with and fritter away all the fine qualities he has, and become worse than the untaught man, who does his little after his own small light. Readiness is especially a Christian virtue. The highest voice that ever spake has cried out to us, "Therefore be ye also ready," and has, in the beautiful Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, urged with the greatest possible strength the folly of delay; for while we are horrified at the blank despair of those who were shut out in outer darkness, we read that "they that were ready went in with Him."

If one only pauses now and then in life's "forced march" to count the numbers who have wearied by the way, of those who brushed with him the morning dew, he feels a sort of terror lest he finish his journey a stranger and alone.

He who cannot see the workings of divine wisdom in the order of the heavens, the change of the seasons, the flowing of the tides, the operation of the wind and other elements, the structure of the human body, the circulation of the blood through a variety of vessels wonderfully arranged and conducted, the instincts of beasts, their temper and disposition, the growth of plants, and their many effects for meat and medicine; he who cannot see all these and many other things as the evident contrivances of divine wisdom, is blind, and not worthy to be called a man of sound mind.

How often do we hear one say with self-congratulation, "I shall speak my mind, whatever comes of it!" Is, then, the speaker's mind on this or any other subject so essential to the world? Is it of such vast importance to the community to know what he thinks or he does not think, what he believes or disbelieves, what he fancies or does not fancy? Perhaps a little more modesty, a little more knowledge of our own real insignificance, might make us more chary of thrusting ourselves on the attention of others, and might turn some of our flippant volubility into a respectful silence.

"MEN'S behavior," observes Bacon, "should be—like their dress—not too straight, but free for exercise or motion." There can be no genial fellowship between affable courteous people and stiff-backed formalists; while the intercourse of the latter with one another is necessarily dull and dreary to the last degree. They can no more enjoy society in their strait-jackets of cold reserve than a wretch in the stock could enjoy the hilarity of the crowd around him. Whoever desires to make friends should be cordial and conciliatory.

GOOD TEMPER ministers to success in all undertakings much more largely than we imagine. It gives a quiet and an undisturbed mind favorable to concentration of energy. How can one whose feelings are continually ruffled and whose temper is roused to irritability or anger pursue his work with the attention it demands, or make decisions which require the undivided and earnest use of all his faculties? Nothing can be more essential to success than the full command of the powers; but ill-temper in all its forms makes this impossible.

SUCH is the power of health that, without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeless as the power of vegetation without the sun. And yet this bliss is commonly thrown away in thoughtless negligence, or in foolish experiments on our own strength; we let it perish without remembering its value, or waste it to show how much we have to spare; it is sometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and sometimes sold for the applause of jollity and looseness.

"TRY your best to make others happy. I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

THERE are infinite varieties not only in men's mental powers, but in their moral nature as well; therefore no one standard can be equally applicable for all.

NATURE forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love.

TEARS are magic blossoms of the heart at parting, smiles at meeting. Sometimes they bloom at once; then joy is sorrow, and sorrow is joy.

THE fairest privilege of friendship lies in this—that the friend loves us with our faults, while others love us only because they do not see them.

AN act, by which we make one friend and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

ZELL.—The arm of King Henry I. was 36 inches long. This is the reason why the English and American yard is three feet long.

BERTRIS.—William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was born in Scott county, Iowa, on February 26, 1845. The claim for his title "Hon." came from having served a short term in the Nebraska Legislature.

B. C. T.—The flying fish is so called because its pectoral fins (fins situated on the sides, behind the gills) are so large that they are almost equal to wings. With their aid the fish can spring out of the water and fly through the air several hundred feet before it drops back again.

ROCKDALE.—The German Reichstag contains one representative to every 100,000 inhabitants in the German Empire. The delegates of the confederated governments form the Bundesrath, and whatever legislation may pass the two Houses and be signed by the Emperor becomes binding on all the twenty-six States.

A. A. N.—The group of bodies to which the earth belongs is called the solar system. It is made up of the sun and of eight bodies called planets. The earth, which is one of the eight, is also called a planet. The one nearest to the sun is Mercury, after it come in order Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

POLLY.—The cause of your parrot's feathers falling off is that you feed it too well. Give it less food, and nothing greasy in it. Every morning blow over its feathers a mouthful of water, with sufficient force to cleanse them thoroughly. This should be done in a warm room when the weather is cold; but in the summer any room will do.

W. E. R.—There is an old theory that the frequent use of vinegar will make you thin, but take our advice and do not try it. If you are obese, and wish to become thin, take plenty of exercise in the open air, be temperate, and avoid as much as possible beer, spirits, milk, and potatoes—far better, however, to let nature take her own course.

R. G. P.—Two kind of gasmeters are used; the water or wet meter, and the dry meter; the former measuring the gas by the revolution of a chambered wheel partly immersed in water, the latter by the alternate filling and emptying of two cavities formed by circular discs and flexible bands connecting them, somewhat like double bellows. The amount of flow in each case is indicated on dials.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY.—Stammering can be cured, unless it arises from some defect in the formation of the mouth and throat, and we have endeavored to point out how it may be done before in these columns. Practice speaking slowly and distinctly when alone, and repeat the sentences over and over again until you can manage to speak them without stammering. It only requires a little perseverance and a determination to overcome the difficulty.

OLD ENGLISH.—In the various languages of the East the locust tree is called, more or less phonetically, kuara, and the fruit of that tree, used very early as a weight, kuarat. From this the Greek word keration, a pod or little horn, is derived, but the word as a weight is preserved in the old Arabic kirat, the Italian carratto, the French and our own carat. It is a common and exploded error to say that from the Greeks the Arabians borrowed their word karat. The carat is used by goldsmiths and jewelers in weighing precious stones and pearls. The whole mass of gold is divided into twenty-four equal parts, and it is called gold of so many parts it contains of pure gold. Thus, gold of twenty-two parts of pure metal, is gold of twenty-two carats.

KELLERIN.—Each Congressional district and territory, and the District of Columbia, is entitled to have one cadet at the West Point Military Academy. The President, in addition, has the naming of ten cadets. Applications can be made at any time, by letter, to the Secretary of War to have the applicant's name registered for submission to the proper representative when a vacancy shall occur. The full name, date of birth and residence of the boy, with the number of the Congressional district, must be furnished. The applicant must be between 17 and 22 years of age, at least 5 feet in height and physically free from disease or deformity. Applicants must be well versed in reading, in writing (including orthography), in arithmetic, and have a knowledge of the English grammar, of descriptive geography (particularly of our own country), and of the history of the United States.

ED. G. W.—Here is Carlyle's epitaph on his wife: "Here likewise now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could do, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21 April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out." It is very quaint and rugged, noble in its affection, curious and sudden in its pathos, but certainly precisians would say that its grammer is "equivocal." It is worthy of preservation, and is a perfect answer, among hundreds, to the foolish assertion that geniuses always make bad husbands.

AN OLD LETTER.

BY F. P. A.

It is but an old, old letter,
  Discolor'd and dim with age;
And many a tell-tale mark and sign
  Are stamp'd upon every page.
There are words that are trembling and faint and pale;
  There are blots where the tear-drops fell;
There are sentences wrung from a tortured heart;
  And a terrible tale they tell.

I know 'tis in truth but an olden tale,
  And the actors have pass'd away,
Yet sadden'd I gaze on the faded lines
  That were penn'd on the Summer day;
And I think how in future years to come
  Our doings and deeds shall be
The essence, perchance, of as strange a charm
  As that which now moveth me.

The Friendly Fog.

BY BLANCHE YORKE.

NANCE ELRIN sank into the spacious arm-chair in her bedroom and heaved a deep sigh. Life was difficult; and she drew down her brows quickly over her violet eyes. Why would young men insist on being lovers instead of friends! She was enjoying a visit to her friend Mrs. Doraine, in her shooting box away in Derbyshire, and it did seem too bad that her brother's friend, Bertie Kendrick, should insist on playing the devout lover every day. Ah, well! to-night, at any rate, a new element was coming into the house. Mr. North, a barrister of no mean reputation, was expected.

When Nance thought of "home" her face darkened. There she had always been taught that the sooner she fulfilled her mission in life and met with a good parti the better. She had no place there. Certainly any difficulties would be smoothed over if she were to marry Bertie, and he was kind and generous, and she thought, no, she knew, he loved her.

Ah! the first bell: she must dress, and that quickly.

A striking personality makes itself felt wherever it goes, and affects the very atmosphere around it. Miss Elrin confessed to herself at dinner that evening as she talked to the new arrival, that here at any rate was a man of strong character, and one too whom one might trust, she felt instinctively.

* * * * * *

In the mornings at Rock Edge, every one went their own way as a rule, and one day Nance, in a short serge walking costume, and armed with a stick, made her escape soon after breakfast and went away over the moors for a solitary ramble.

The crisp autumn air brought color into her cheeks as she walked with a firm step over the white roads. It was a joy to be alive, and a pleasure to be alone with her thoughts and fancies. She went for a long way, but at length her energy began to wane and she sat on an invitingly low wall and listened to the far-away sounds of life in the region of the neighboring cottages. "Tired, Miss Elrin?" said a voice at her back.

She started to find Mr. North beside her: he had come across the field behind. Rex North was not actually a handsome man but his strong features and keen blue eyes had a charm that is beyond mere good looks; his suit of rough tweed became him too. His eyes were wonderfully fascinating; at once piercing and kind.

"I must apologise for startling you."

"Pray don't," she said with a smile; "it is only that the ground is so soft one does not hear footsteps."

"And one's thoughts are so all-engrossing," he added with a twinkle. He vaulted lightly over the wall and sat beside her.

"Ye-es," she answered, digging the end of her stick into the earth and reddening slightly. She had been considering Mr. Kendrick and many things, and somehow she had the unreasonable consciousness that her companion could read her thoughts with those strangely penetrating eyes of his. "I enjoy a walk alone now and then, don't you?" she said, meeting his glance.

"Yes, indeed. Perhaps you would rather I went on—I am rested. I think I will go," he said solemnly, and stood up.

"No, please do not," she answered, laughing. "I am very rude. As a matter of fact, I have had enough of my own thoughts, and would willingly hear someone else's, yours, say."

He sat down again, having indeed had no intention of going, and they were soon chatting quite confidentially. At many a turn in the conversation she felt a kind of glad surprise, a feeling that in her companion there was ever a beyond which it would be interesting to explore; she herself, too, unconsciously showed at her deepest, truest and most thoughtful, under the influence of his strong, sympathetic personality.

"Then do you think every woman should work, in some way?" she asked, in answer to one of his remarks.

"Most women would be the better for having work, I think," he said. "For some, simply 'to be' is enough: they are, and have fulfilled their destiny."

"The pretty woman, who amuses, I suppose you mean."

"Not quite that; your sex rarely manages to combine both those charms, I find. When a woman does, she is irresistible. But I do think the ordinary woman would be the better for a settled occupation or pursuit to occupy her time."

"Do you know," said his hearer, with almost childish frankness, "it would be a great relief to me to take up something. I do get so sick of my life, so weary of the round of dinners and entertainments, and I have nothing to do at home. What do you think I could do?" and she bent forward and regarded him with eager eyes.

He shook his head. "That is for you to find out; I am afraid I don't know you well enough yet (with gentle emphasis) to give you any advice that would be of any use. Try to find your own bent. But one thing do not do for any sake!"

"What is that?"

He drew a shade nearer and looked into her soft deep eyes with an expression in his own, half-laughing, half-serious. "Don't trample your intellect in the dust and marry some in-every-way desirable man that can't understand you."

She drew herself up slightly.

"You are not offended?" he asked, in his rich low voice. "I'm afraid it sounded rather a boorish thing to say, but it does seem to me so horribly sad that women should disgrace their womanhood as they do, so often, the best of them, for a mess of pottage and a carriage and pair!"

"No oftener than you men disgrace your manhood," she retorted.

"Two blacks do not make a white" said he with a smile.

"Certainly not," she replied; "but I wish you to acknowledge that your sex is 'black' as well as mine. How some of you with your brains can marry the dolls you do, passes my comprehension!

He shrugged his shoulders slightly and proceeded to stand up for his sex. So the time passed, until Nance suddenly realized that it might be as well to turn her steps homeward, and think of such a mundane thing as lunch.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Doraine never allowed the time to hang heavily on her visitors' hands. She was always arranging some fresh amusement for them, and now tableaux were the order of the day—tableaux to which all the county was invited, and which were to be followed by a dance.

The affair took a good deal of planning, but at length everything was arranged and the date fixed. Nance Elrin had vowed she would be Florence Nightingale and wear a cheap costume that entailed no trouble, but in the end she was induced to play "Lady Betty;" the idea of dancing a gavotte, on being wound up, was too alluring. The role of Sir Harry Bellairs was appropriated by North.

The friendship between these two had made rapid strides in one short week, a week, however, in which each spent a great part of every day in the other's company.

It was the evening before the tableaux, and the household was considerably scattered.

"Lady Betty," said Sir Harry, "might I ask for a final rehearsal?"

"By all means," she said, smiling. "Is the coast clear in the hall?"

They found the dim square hall was empty. Her amber gown made a bright spot of color on the polished floor.

"One, two"—and they went through the quaint, sweet dance almost silently, only, when their hands touched and their eyes met, she smiled. He thought he had never in all his life seen a lovelier face or a more graceful form.

"You will give me more than this one gavotte?" he pleaded, and his eyes looked down into hers.

"Yes, if you wish it."

"I do. I am not greedy, but will you give me three valses?"

She raised her eyebrows.

He gave the hand he held the faintest pressure. "I am going away very soon," he said softly.

"Are you? Ah, yes! So are we all," and she promised him what he asked.

Then he led her to the great arm-chair by the fireplace, for they had finished their dance.

"When do you go?" she asked, in an ordinary voice, but the idea of his going struck a chill to her heart.

"Not till Thursday."

She laughed softly. "Why did you alarm me without cause?" half-mockingly.

"Alarm is a strong word. I wish it were not too strong a one," he whispered.

"How do you know that it is?" she said gaily.

He bent his bright eyes upon her, and something in the expression of them quenched the laughter in her own. She tapped the floor nervously with her little amber shoe. Then suddenly a thought seemed to strike him and a stern look came into his face, but still he did not take his eyes off her.

"There is a question I wanted to ask you."

"Yes?" she said, startled at the change in his voice.

"Some one told me you were engaged. Is there any truth in the report, may I ask?"

She sat bolt upright, and a quick blush of anger came into her face.

"And who is your informant?"

"I would rather not tell you," shortly.

"Then may I ask the name of my fiance?" still more coldly.

"Certainly. Kendrick was reported to be the happy man."

"Mr. Kendrick——" she began.

"Yes; did you call?" answered Bertie himself, coming down the staircase at that moment with an armful of miscellaneous garments. "Perhaps you could help me," he continued cheerfully, hiding well his annoyance at finding the two tete a-tete. "Can a fellow wear old gold hose with a red satin coat?"

"Well, the effect would be gay, to say the least of it," said North drily. "What are you? Ah, yes—Romeo. Juliet arrives to-morrow—Miss Hawthorne," he added, as if the idea were rather a pleasant one.

"I have never met Miss Hawthorne," said Nance, more for the sake of making conversation than for anything else.

"No!" said Rex with slight animation. "You will like her. Every one does. She is charmingly pretty."

"No doubt I shall think her delightful, then," she said politely, and made her way back to the drawing-room, feeling unreasonably put out.

* * * * * *

From beginning to end the tableaux were a great success. The audience were electrified when music struck up in the distance and the two figures danced their gavotte with a grave, sweet grace. To them, though, it was not as it had been the evening before.

It was as if a breath of the chill outer air had blown over them. And each was proud. She gave him the dances, later, that she had promised, and talked to him brightly and seemed her gayest self. He met her remarks with courtesy and often with a cold sarcasm that chilled her.

Early in the evening she had spent a decidedly mauvais quart d'heure in the library with Kendrick. He told her he loved her, and asked her to marry him. A week ago she might have said "yes;" but now another face came between them. She did not confess to herself that she loved this other; but friendship with him made life deeper and more interesting, and somehow made the idea of anything but a perfect marriage hateful to her.

It was unfortunate that Rex North and Miss Hawthorne should have happened to pass the door of the library just when poor Bertie was pleading his very best and in his most lover-like attitude.

North's face darkened as he saw the touching picture on the sofa.

"Flirt!" he muttered, too low for his companion to hear.

She raised her forget-me-not eyes to his with a light laugh. "Evidently we are de trop."

They walked away.

"I am afraid Miss Elrin is a sad flirt; but I believe it really is a case this time," she said, with a spice of malice in her tone.

Rex was puzzled and angry, too. Had she not told him with her own lips that the report he had heard was false? Either she was untruthful, or a most atrocious flirt. He was ashamed of himself for having had a doubt of his truthfulness. She was a flirt, then—that was almost as bad as being a liar. He had done with her. He never wished to see her false face again.

* * * * * *

Towards the evening of the next day, Nance Elrin found herself on the platform at King's Cross. No one had come to meet her, but that was a trifle. She was not accustomed to receiving delicate attentions from her home people. She soon secured a hansom, and in ten minutes was deposited at the door of the gloomy house in Russel Square that was her "home, sweet home."

"'There's no place like home!" she thought sometimes—no place quite like it, quite so cheerless and depressing!

She walked straight into the dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. Elrin were at dinner. He was a bald, ill-tempered looking-man, a victim to the gout, which, as often happens, had settled in his temper.

His (second) wife, who sat opposite him, was a lady of a sallow and wrinkled countenance. She still retained her youthful figure, and delighted in pretty tea-gowns. Their reception of their daughter was characteristic.

"Shut the door, can't you?" growled Elrin pere. "Do they think it's July?"

His daughter saw to the shutting of the offending door, and then returned to give her parents a dutiful peck on each cheek.

"Your train must be late," remarked Mrs. Elrin in her high voice. "We waited dinner for you till everything was nearly spoiled."

"Really? I am sorry," said Nance pleasantly. "I will run upstairs and take my things off as quickly as possible."

Dinner was as cheering a meal as ever. No one cared to hear whether the poor girl had enjoyed her visit to the north or not. The lady only took an interest in two subjects, dress and servants, and the gentleman's mental range did not extend much further.

But Nance had learnt to live alone long ago. Mrs. Browning's words, in "Aurora Leigh," described her state:

"I kept the life thrust on me, on the outside
  Of the inner life with all its ample room
  For heart and lungs, for will and intellect."

She lived her own life bravely and refused to be depressed by her surroundings. She was no mean artist, and an omnivorous reader, so that she was not dull; but a woman with a heart and a thoughtful, imaginative nature must express herself, must have sympathy. She began to write informal essays on the books she read, or to follow up trains of thought suggested by them, and so she found relief in expression.

Then suddenly the idea came to her of sending something to a paper, just to test its worth. She met with success at the outset.

The editor of Variety gave her every encouragement, and she became a regular contributor. Then she knew the delight and relief of congenial work.

She felt so independent of her own private life. She knew that if she were never again to enjoy personal happiness, there would be still much left to live her. So the winter wore on and February came with its pea-soup fogs.

Nance had spent an afternoon in shopping in spite of the fog; it seemed hopeless to be kept indoors by it any longer. Towards five o'clock, however, it became thither and yellower every minute. She felt half choked. The gas lamps glimmered faintly and there was an air of excommunication over the land. She did not know where she was, and decided to cross over in search of a landmark. She made a dash.

There was the sound of hard breathing near, and something ran up against her. She was pulled sharply back on to the curbstone. She had had a narrow escape of being run over.

She turned to thank her rescuer. Even in the darkness the outline of his figure seemed familiar. He, too, looked hard at her.

Both advanced to the shop window.

He recognized her with a rush of glad surprise.

"You, Miss Elrin!" said Rex North's rich voice with a ring of genuine pleasure in it.

"Thank you for pulling me back in time," she said, as she remembered that but for him she might at that moment have been lying in the mud.

"How rash of you to venture out on such a day!"

"And equally rash of me," she laughed.

"I believe this is a restaurant of some sort," he said with sudden inspiration. "Won't you come in and have a cup of tea before you venture any farther?"

The prospect of tea was irresistible.

They found the place almost empty and took possession of a table at the far end.

Both felt strangely light-hearted in spite of the fog. She looked lovelier than

over, he thought, in her neat costume of dark blue. She took off her gloves deliberately. As she did so, his eyes were fixed anxiously on her left hand. He sipped his tea serenely when he had seen that she wore no obnoxious diamond hoop on the third finger.

"By the way," she exclaimed suddenly, leaning forward slightly and smiling, "I have an interesting piece of news for you. Guess who is engaged! Some one who was at Rock Edge."

His blue eyes looked down into hers with no answering smile in them, but only anxiety.

"I give it up."

"Bertie Kendrick," she said, and waited for the effect of her words.

"And is the girl also of the Rock Edge party?"

He had gone rather white.

"No, certainly not," she answered quickly, and then flushed furiously as she saw his meaning; "you are quite mistaken," she murmured.

"Poor Kendrick!" he said, in a tone of deep commiseration.

"Why poor? Indeed, he does not need any one's pity, I assure you."

She raised her eyes and was astonished at the change a few seconds had wrought in his face. It wore an expression at once tender and amused and a smile illumined it like a flash of sunlight.

"But I do pity him," he persisted, leaning forward so as to get a better look at her, his eyes dancing. "You see, unfortunately I happened—er—to arrive at the door of the library one night when you and he seemed to be having rather an interesting tete-a-tete."

Silence. Then somehow both laughed.

"I came to a wrong conclusion that night, thank God," he said earnestly.

Something—some sudden shy impulse made her rise and say she must go. She dared not raise her eyes, but she was happy.

"You had better have a hansom," he remarked, "then there will be no more chance of your being run over." He hailed one. She held out her hand to North.

"I would rather see you safely home, if you don't mind," he said, and before waiting for her answer he sprang in and shut the door.

They drove in silence for a few minutes. Then:

"Nance," he said, in a voice which shook with the love and tenderness beneath it, "it is no good running away from me, because you see you can't get away from me. I love you. Dare I hope you can care for me?"

She could not speak, only she held out her hand to him in the darkness. He drew her into the shelter of his arms and their lips met.

"Sweetheart!" he whispered.

For a long time she did not speak. At last the passion in her found utterance and all reserve was swept away.

"Oh, Rex, Rex, do you love me? Say it again!" she cried.

And he said it.

"By the way," he said later, "you were speaking of the paper Variety. I know the editor."

"Really!" she said, roused to interest in something beside themselves at last. She tried to read his face, but the weather was against her.

"And is he interesting? He must be. I have had such kind, clever letters from him—indeed, we had quite a long correspondence on a variety of subjects."

Her companion grunted.

"Are you laughing?" she inquired suddenly.

"Oh, no, Heaven forbid!" said he, in a preternaturally solemn voice. "But—would you care, for an introduction to your editor?"

"Yes, indeed. When will you introduce me?" she asked eagerly.

"Now, this minute," said Rex. "Darling, forgive me if you can," and he drew her to him. "I have deceived you abominably. The man's name is North—Rex North! I can't tell you what it has been to me to keep you in sight all these months and know your thoughts on things, but I have been a brute to deceive you."

A short pause and she burst into a ringing laugh.

"Oh, you villain, how could you? How cruelly you have 'had' me!" And then the color rushed into her cheeks and she burst out: "Now I understand it! I searched and often could never find my papers. You never published the half of them. It was mean—mean. I shall never get over the humiliation of it," she moaned.

"Oh, yes, you will—try," he said gently.

And she tried.

Baffling an Enemy.

BY L. E. C.

IT was a very rare event for a cloud to be seen on the pretty, merry face of Daisie Richardson. She was only a governess, and not a particularly accomplished one, but she liked her work, and she loved, with all her heart, the twin girls Rosie and Posie, as well as Fred and Ted, the chubby urchins, who were also under her care. Her employers, too, were generous and considerate.

Mr. Mountjoy treated her as one of the family, and Daisie owed to him all the dainty knick-knacks and interesting books that adorned her shelves; while delicate, nervous Mr. Mountjoy would have been kinder still, if her good intentions had not been so frequently thwarted by her husband's sister, an elderly young lady who resided with her.

"I cannot think why Alithea Mountjoy behaves as if she hated me," Daisie would say to herself. "I helped to nurse her when she had that long illness. I have never been rude nor disobeying, while she is both; and I am careful to keep my temper, and not let her see how it hurts me, when she makes those nasty, sarcastic remarks she delights in."

It was owing to Alithea Mountjoy's interference that Daisie came with the children to the luncheon-table one morning looking as nearly cross as it was in her nature to be.

Mr. Mountjoy had taken apartments at Bembridge, where he proposed spending some weeks with his wife and children, and Daisie, who dearly loved the sea, had been counting on the long, bracing holiday, the mornings on the beach with the little ones, the strolls in the shady lanes, while, under the viligant eye of the old nurse, they rested during the heat of the day; and the occasional climbs to the summit of the breezy downs.

All these enjoyments were frustrated, and by Miss Mountjoy, who put in a prior claim to the extra bedroom, which was all the landlady of the apartments could spare.

"I want sea air badly, and I cannot go by myself," she urged. "As the children are to do no lessons you cannot want their governess, nor would it be nice to have her regularly domesticated with you, as if she were not a dependent, but a friend. Let Miss Richardson go and spend the interval with her own relations; I am sure she would prefer it."

"If you really think so," said Mrs. Mountjoy doubtfully.

"Of course I do. Leave it to me; I'll settle it. Though she professes to be so fond of you all I'm sure she'll be delighted to get away for a time."

And so it was curtly announced to the little governess that, as Mrs. Mountjoy would find it inconvenient to take her to Bembridge, she could make arrangements to spend a few weeks with her own people.

"And that," soliloquised Daisie, ruefully, "is tantamount to my being left here with the painters and paper-hangers, and the two servants who are to clean the house and take care of it.

"Everyone knows I haven't a relation nearer than my step-mother at Douglas, in the Isle of Man; and she makes such terrible demands on my purse that I cannot afford to go to her, even if the journey there and back were not too expensive. Why didn't Miss Mountjoy betake herself to Folkestone or Scarborough, as usual? I have heard her say she detests the quieter seaside resorts. What then can she want at Bembridge? One would think she has made this arrangement on purpose to mar my pleasure."

And, indeed, there was such a spiteful look of triumph in Alithea's pale, gray eyes when they met at the luncheon-table, that Daisie had to make a great effort to appear in her usual spirits; but her forced smiles became red ones when Mrs. Mountjoy handed her an enclosure from a letter just received, and bade her read it.

"How very kind; how delightful it will be!" cried the girl, radiant with joy. "Is it you I have to thank for this, dear Mrs. Mountjoy? What a charming holiday I shall have!"

"What are you talking about? queried Alithea. "Really, Miss Richardson, your fits of excitement are rather ludicrous! You have caused me to upset my soda water."

"I beg your pardon," said Daisie, "but one cannot help feeling very pleased to get such a kind invitation from Mrs. Kirby. She has heard that I am not going with you to Bembridge, and asks me to spend the time my pupils are away, with her and her daughters at their lovely country house at Fordham."

"If this is your doing, Margaret," exclaimed Miss Mountjoy, as soon as she was alone with her sister-in-law, "why, I don't thank you for it. The way you spoil your servants is absurd enough, and when you pamper at my expense, the silly chit you call your governess, I think I am justified in protesting against it."

"What have I done?" asked Mrs. Mountjoy, who was always half afraid of her husband's sister. "Daisie Richardson is a very good little thing, and you should remember she is better than born we are."

"Thanks, for the information; but it does not interest me, and it's only evading the subject."

"What subject? Oh, the Kirbys' invitation. I am so glad they have given it. I could not bear the thought of leaving poor Daisie moping here alone."

"And so you angled for it. How mean the Kirbys must think you!"

"But I did not do any such thing, Alithea," and Mrs. Mountjoy both looked and felt annoyed at the charge. "Mollie Kirby called yesterday; she was in town with her fiance, and she happened to ask our plans. And when I said I should have to leave Miss Richardson at home, because our space was so limited, she said directly, 'why shouldn't she come to us?' You know Mrs. Kirby has always taken great interest in Daisy, because she used to know her mother."

"It's too—too exasperating!" cried Alithea, angry, tears coursing down her thin cheeks. "I can't endure to know that this girl will be staying at Fordham, whilst I am vegetating at Bembridge with you and those tiresome children. It's positively insulting of Mrs. Kirby to pass me over, and invite the nursery governess instead; but I can see her motive—a nasty, jealous old cat! No one must be encouraged at her house who might rob her of her handsome son."

"But, Alithea, Mrs. Kirby is a most gentle, sensible woman, and Eustace Kirby is so many years your junior that——"

"Thank you for another extremely polite remark," snapped Miss Mountjoy. "There cannot be more than a year or two's difference in our ages, or four or five at most; but you are always trying to make me appear old, though I am sure I look very much younger, especially in my hat, than you do. And I say again that's it's a malicious trick to rob me of an excellent chance of making a good marriage, and I despise you for it!"

"She does say such outrageous things," sobbed Mrs. Mountjoy, when the furious spinster had whisked away. "I declare I'd tell my husband, but then, one does not care to stir up strife in a family; and, after all, poor little Daisie will get a pleasant holiday in spite of her."

In the bustle of getting ready to leave home, placid, easy Mrs. Mountjoy forgot her anger, and Alithea became unusually good tempered, and made herself so useful that everyone marvelled at the change.

On the day of departure Mrs. Mountjoy was not allowed to fatigue herself, but by Alithea's advice her husband carried her and the children off to a restaurant, to lunch comfortably before proceeding to the station, where their aunt promised to meet them with the luggage.

Daisie knew nothing of this. Miss Mountjoy had intercepted her on her way downstairs with a pressing request for her assistance in packing.

"You know you are always so clever at that kind of thing, Miss Richardson; so neat, so methodical, whilst I am dreadfully helpless. And you know how distressing it is when one's prettiest costumes come out of their boxes looking like dishcloths."

It was a troublesome task, but Daisie was good-natured, and went through it carefully and well. When she descended to the hall to ask the footman to strap and bring down Miss Mountjoy's trunks, she found that charming spinster there, and no one else.

"Oh, yes, they have started. My brother would hurry them away. They left their adieux with me. Please imagine them, and spare me the trouble of a repetition."

"But did not Mrs. Mountjoy leave any—any message for me?"

"Why should she, Miss Richardson? Is it customary for a lady to run all over the house to say good-bye to her children's nursery governess?"

"You could have told Mrs. Mountjoy that I was in your room, and what I was doing there," retorted Daisie, resentfully.

"Could I? But the folding of three or four dresses need not have detained you all this time."

The ungrateful taunt passed unnoticed, for Daisie was seriously troubled about a matter of more consequence to her just then.

"How unfortunate that I should have missed seeing Mrs. Mountjoy! Are you sure that she did not leave a cheque for me?"

"If she did, it must be on her writing-table; but why should my sister leave either message or money for you, Miss Richardson? Your salary was paid a fortnight ago. Have you been so shamefully extravagant as to get rid of it already?"

"My salary was not paid at the time you mention," Daisie replied. "Mrs. Mountjoy had a large draper's bill she wished to settle, and it was agreed that she should use the cheque Mr. Mountjoy had given her for me, and I was to have another. She must have forgotten me."

"Very possibly," Alithea assented. "She had so many things of more importance to think of in leaving home for an indefinite period. I must remind her that you object to being kept waiting for your wages."

And with a supercilious nod, Miss Mountjoy slipped into the fly at the door and drove away.

A few minutes after, the Irish cook followed Daisie into the morning-room, where she was searching the mantelpiece and the writing-table for an envelope addressed to herself.

"It's not here," she said, with a sigh; "but it's no use worrying, Mrs. Mountjoy is sure to write as soon as she remembers, or is reminded of it."

"Now the blessed martyrs forgive me, Miss Richardson," ejaculated Norah, rolling her apron about her fat arms, "and save me from all lying an' mischief-making; but as sure as there's truth in me, I'll tell you, word for word, what I heard the mistress say to Miss Mountjoy, when I was bringing in the cake I'd made for the children to eat on the road. 'Where's Miss Richardson?' says she. 'This is her cheque, and she'll not be able to go to Fordhan without it.' 'And I'll take care of it for her,' says miss, direckerly; and then wid my own eyes I see her put the pinky slip of paper into that brown purse of hers, with steel claps to it, that I've never seen her open to throw a halfpenny to a beggar."

* * * * * *

"And so ends my hope of spending a happy time at Fordham," Daisie told herself, mournfully. "I have always felt that she was my enemy, and this is a convincing proof of it. How cruel, how mean of her to go away with my earnings in her pocket! She could have had no other motive for it than to prevent my accepting Mrs. Kirby's invitation. Oh, dear! I meant to have had such a delightful time shopping this afternoon. I should have treated myself with new slippers and handkerchiefs, and a little chiffon, and some French gloves; one cannot go to a house like that without such things."

Then Daisie took out the tiniest of portemonnaies, and spread its contents on her lap, and cried bitter tears over the few coins.

"There isn't even enough to pay my fare to Fordham; I shall have to write an excuse to dear, kind Mrs. Kirby. "I'll not make any complaint to the Mountjoys. That spiteful woman shall not have the satisfaction of knowing how miserable she has made me. But I can't, and I won't stay here!" she cried, jumping up so suddenly that the money was scattered in various directions, and one piece rolled into a crack and was seen no more. "I'll defeat her malice, for I'll walk to Fordham; it's only forty miles from London, and I'll compass those forty miles somehow, if I am three or four days on the journey."

The next minute Daisie was laughing at herself for imagining so wild a scheme; yet it haunted her as she wandered about the lonely rooms, too unsettled to work or read, took depressed to act on Norah's advice and go for a stroll in the square, or the park.

"I am young and strong, and a good walker," she meditated. "I have heard girls boast of doing with ease twenty miles per day in Switzerland, then why not in England? If I could compass the first nineteen and a half I could beg a night's lodging from Jennie Morris, with whom the children and I stayed when Freddie had scarlet fever. I'm strongly tempted to do it."

Whilst wavering, she was told that a

man was asking to see her; and thinking he must be a messenger from the Mountjoys, hurried into the hall.

He held a huge dog by the collar, an animal with whom Daisie had made acquaintance when he was in attendance on the Misses Kirby, and the note the man handed to her was from their mother.

It was to ask Miss Richardson if she would mind bringing Bruno to Fordham with her. He had been left in London to be cured of an injury to his paw, but Mrs. Kirby had just heard that he was pining for his liberty; and if the care of him would not be any inconvenience, he should be taken to Waterloo to be put into whatever train Miss Richardson proposed traveling by.

Then Daisie suddenly made up her mind, dismissed the man, and knelt down to cuddle Bruno.

"Yes, I will walk to Fordham; and you, you dear, sensible old doggie, shall be my companion and my guard."

Her trunk was packed that night, not without many a sigh for those little adornments she was obliged to do without, and given into the charge of Norah, who promised to dispatch it early enough on the morrow to reach Fordham before its owner.

A good night's sleep and an excellent breakfast, which Norah had on the table before six o'clock, and Daisie started on her journey, carrying nothing but her sac de nuit, a light waterproof, and a short, long handled en tout cas, to serve as a support or a shelter when necessary.

There was a miniature edition of Shakespeare in one of her pockets, a biscuit for Bruno in the other, and in the freshness of a lovely August morning, she and her canine friend walked on so lightly and briskly, that London was soon left behind, and they were on the high road that would lead them into the heart of Surrey.

But, after the first four or five, every mile seemed to grow longer. Careful to husband her strength, Daisie now began to indulge in brief rests by the wayside after breasting a steep hill, or having to plough way amongst freshly laid stones; and when the sun became oppressively hot, she carried into a convenient field the loaf and bottle of milk, bought at a village shop, and after a hearty meal, pillowed her head on Bruno's side, and slept long and soundly.

There was a spring in the bank close by, and having laved her hands and face in its cool waters, she set out again, thankful that the way now led her under the trees of a great estate, and the sandy road could be exchanged for the green sward beside it. But her progress was very slow, for she was fagged, and needed the stimulant of a cup of tea, which, however, was not procurable till she reached a bustling town, and a policeman directed her to a respectable restaurant.

"Another seven and a half miles to our destination!" she exclaimed, as she sank wearily into a chair. "We shall never do it, Bruno. I am aching in every limb already. Have I been too rash? Would it be prudent to spend my small remaining stock of cash in railway tickets, and sneak home again? No one need know, simply say in my apology to Mrs. Kirby that I found it impossible to go to her at present."

But the heat of the day was over; the tea and eggs and delicious home-made bread seemed to infuse new vigor into the drooping girl. The onward route, too, looked inviting. It would not be dark for two hours or more, and the moon was nearly at the full. With Bruno by her side, she had nothing to fear, and was certain of a cordial reception from Mrs. Morris—an old servant of the Mountjoy family—even if it were midnight when the wayfarers reached the cottage.

And now fortune favored the enterprise.

"Did you say you were walking to Callum, miss?" asked the civil woman who kept the house. "Because my boy's just going to the Duchess' with some butter, and he'd give you a lift that far, and it's just half-way to Callum, and will save you a long piece of rough road."

The offer was gratefully accepted; the pony was fresh, and with Bruno racing by its side, rattled the little trap up and down the hills till Daisie secretly trembled for her safety; but when she had thanked and rewarded the driver, she set out again in the best of spirits. The sweet, fresh breeze that sprang up at sunset put new strength into her, and she reached Jennie Morris' cottage just as the moon began to peep over the tree tops.

A good night's sleep often works wonders, and Daisie assured herself and her hostess that she felt thoroughly rested. If she trembled inwardly every time she thought of the long day's tramp that lay before her, she refused to acknowledge it even to herself, and prepared to start as soon as she and Bruno had finished their breakfast.

But here Jennie Morris, who had been conferring with her spouse in the garden, had something to say.

"I don't think, Miss Richardson, you can know how far it is to Fordham. Why, my man says it's a little better than twenty mile. Think of that now!"

"Oh, don't discourage me, Jennie. It may not be so hot to day, and I need not hurry. Besides, I may get a lift on the way. I'm not proud. I'll ride in a hay wagon if I get the chance."

"Do you mean that? Because my man is going to Hastley mill to fetch a load of flour for his master, and he could put you a good five miles on your road before he turns off to the mill-house. Will you go with him that far?"

Jennie was hugged for the suggestion, and in the tilted wagon, with Bruno, by her side, Daisie sat contentedly enough, while the sturdy farm horses jogged along at one steady pace.

No one could have been kinder than John Morris, for he went half a mile beyond the mill because there were gipsies camped at the cross roads, who might have been troublesome to the young lady. Daisie was both sorry and ashamed that a hearty hand-shake was the only token of her gratitude she had to give him.

Her spirits sank when she had parted with him, but she went bravely forward. She was nearing a large town, and there were others on their way thither; some riding or driving, brought out by the beauty of the morning; while some were wretched objects, who, tempted by her loneliness, begged of her, and would have threatened her when she refused them, but for Bruno, whose growls frightened them away.

Daisie now leaned heavily on her staff as she plodded along. Her feet were blistered, and became more and more painful. Nor did a brief rest at a confectioner's, where she and Bruno lunched on stale buns, improve their condition.

"Shall I have to climb that hill?" she asked, in dismay, as the route to Fordham was pointed out.

"Eh, well," said the old man she questioned, "it is a goodish pull for the first three miles; but it's gradual, and there's as nice a bit of level road when you gets to the top as you'd wish to see."

So Daisie struggled on, limping more and more painfully, till the second mile stone was in sight, and then she dropped on a convenient stile, feeling that she could go no farther.

How those other eight miles to Fordham were to be compassed she knew not. No hay-wagon or good natured looking farmer came along. Traffic in the Queen's highway has been almost suspended in many places since the opening of the railways, and it was the case here. Eight miles to be tramped with blistered feet; how should she do it?

As there was no one in sight she slipped off her shoes, and walked along a grassy path without them. The coolness was refreshing, but when the sward ended in gravel, the hot, stiff pedal coverings had to be resumed.

"If Miss Mountjoy could see me now how amused she would be," cried Daisie, hysterically. "How cruelly she has used me."

But the tears that were welling into her eyes were resolutely forced back, for the rattle of wheels was audible; someone was driving down the hill, and to avoid being noticed she hobbled nearer to the hedge, and busied herself with plucking some of the honeysuckle that still lingered there.

But the driver stopped, leaped from his smart dog-cart, patted Bruno, who began fawning upon him, and, to her great surprise, Daisie's furtive glance over her shoulder showed her the pleasant face and tall figure of Eustace Kirby.

"How very odd that they should meet!" she exclaimed, confusedly. "Was he going into the town?"

"Not now that I have found you this side of it, Miss Richardson. Let me help you into the trap.

"But—but how did you know——"

"That you have joined the ranks of lady athletes, and proposed walking to Fordham? We learned that, and a little more, from a note that reached us this morning. My mother is highly indignant at the way Miss Mountjoy has treated you, and will be very uneasy till she sees you."

"Who could have written to Mrs. Kirby?"

"A good soul, in whose heart you seem to hold a warm place. She signs herself Norah, and says that as soon as you had started on your 'termenjus' journey, her mind misgave her; and if it hadn't been that her boots were standing at the cobbler's, waiting to be soled and heeled, she should have up and 'follied' you. But she hoped she had done the next best thing, by writing to beg that we would look after the best and kindest—but I must not make you vain by repeating all the pretty things she says of you."

"And you came on purpose to find me? I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Kirby."

"It has been a pleasant task," she was assured; "but I fear you have been overtaxing your strength, you look so pale and tired."

"It's only my feet," and at the sound of Eustace Kirby's pitying tones, a few tears would force their way, for which Daisie apologized.

"You will think me very foolish," she faltered.

"I think—may I say what I think, and may I call you Daisie?—I think, if it rests with me, this will be Miss Allthea Mountjoy's last opportunity of displaying her ill-nature."

And so it was: the Mountjoys never had their governess back, though Allthea protested that she could not account for having forgotten to give Miss Richardson her cheque, and that Mrs. Kirby behaved very badly in keeping her at Fordham.

But in spite of that Daisie stayed, first to keep Hettie company when Mollie was married, and then to console Mrs. Kirby when Hettie was carried off, too; and afterwards, because Eustace protested that he could not spare her.

"When I saw my little flower drooping on their hill-side," quoth he, "I resolved that never again should she be at the mercy of an enemy, and I shall keep my word."

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Dwight Platt, of Milford, Conn., hitched his ox team, loaded with lumber, to some freight cars standing on a side track near the Milford railway station, recently, and went into a neighboring hostelry to recuperate. A freight train came along about that time, and, coupling on the cars without noticing the team, started up. The oxen never went so fast in their lives as they did during the next few seconds, and their path was strewn with lumber for some distance. The team was discovered by a brakeman before the oxen were injured, however, and Mr. Platt now uses ordinary hitching posts.

It is not an unusual thing to see a handsome coach and stylish driver pull up at one of the worst quarters in Mulberry street, New York, and a party of ladies and gentlemen richly attired get out and enter a somewhat forbidding Chinese restaurant and go through the sensation of eating a Chinese dinner. It became a fad to do this a year or two ago, and it is a singular fact that dainty girls who get sick if the mutton at home is too rare undergo this test with a zest and boast of it afterward. The mystery of the food, the flavor of naughtiness and the general dash of unconventionality really furnish some kind of pleasure to weak nerves.

The German Emperor frequently has a week's retirement from the bustling world, and hides within the depths of the forest of Prockelwitz, where a small cottage is his abode, nestled beneath a splendid oak, with forest round him for miles. There, while the dew is on the trees, he starts forth gun in hand, with a brace of dogs and a sturdy forester, and at four o'clock he is at the best spot for sport. Then his Majesty uses his gun till eleven, when he wends his way homeward to his cot, eats and sleeps awhile, after which he puts his signature to all the documents which require it and have been duly forwarded from Berlin to his lonely sylvan retreat.

A wedding ceremony at English, Indiana, a short time ago, terminated in an unexpected way. Abraham Thayer and Estella Flagler were the principals. All went well until the minister asked the bride-elect if she would take this man as her lawful husband. She replied: "No, sir, I will not. You are the first who has asked my opinion on the matter. Mr. Thayer has been courting my mother for more than a year. I thought it was herself he wanted, but it appears that he only wanted her consent that he might marry me, and she concluded to compel me to wed him." The minister then said: "This ends it. I have no power to bind anyone against his or her will."

Although many eminent physicians have repeatedly declared that there is no foundation in the popular superstition that a cat can, by sucking the breath of a child, kill it, stories in support of the popular belief are frequent. The following by despatch from Norwich, Conn., is the latest sample: A Miss Wilson returned in perfect health with her aunt, Miss Fitch, who later was awakened by the cry of a pet cat that was resting upon the girl's chest. Miss Fitch removed the cat from the room, but when she returned her niece was gasping for breath and in a few minutes she was dead. Two physicians were called and for several hours they labored by artificial means, but without avail, to restore respiration. The doctors incline to the belief that the young woman succumbed to strangulation, caused by the cat "sucking her breath."

An amusing feature of an aquatic exhibition at the Chicago Athletic Club, one evening recently, was the angling contest. Professor Robinson, the club's swimming instructor, put on a strong leather harness which fitted closely about his head and neck, and entered the water. J. M. Sellers attached a hook to the harness. Then the man fish commenced to wriggle, and the angler began to play his catch scientifically. He had 15 minutes to bring the professor within reach of his six foot gaff. Robinson made a game effort. Several times he went to the bottom, but the angler skilfully gave him all the line he wanted. After an especially vicious pull the man fish succeeded in snapping the line asunder, thus winning the contest. This contest, while hardly new, is, as far as known, the first of the kind which resulted in a victory for the "man fish," the angler, on other occasions, gaining the upper hand.

In the last analysis probaby everything is dirt. But there are wonderful dirts. Coal tar is one of the most unpromising to look at; but what a magazine of possibilities there are in coal tar after it has passed through the inquiring hands of the chemist! One of the latest uses to which a coal tar derivative is applied is as a substitute for quicksilver in the bulbs of thermometers. This substance is called tulnol. It contains no water, can stand a much lower temperature than quicksilver without freezing, and when exposed to warmth expands with great regularity. Besides possessing these qualities, it is cheap; and as it is much lighter than quicksilver the tube of the thermometer can be made much larger than is now usual, and thus it will not only be much easier to read the record, but greater exactitude in registration will be secured. The dark-blue color of tulnol is another element which will contribute to the ease of reading the thermometer.

"Head's grown, sir," observed my hatter one day to me, manipulating the interior of my topper with a foot rule; and when I indignantly disclaimed the soft impeachment he added: "All my customer's heads grow, sir, up to sixty-five, excepting the ecclesiastical gents, and theirs don't grow after twenty five."

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

ENDED WELL.

BY T. B. C.

"I BELIEVE you're afraid."

Charlie was younger than Ernest, and he colored angrily.

"I tell you it's thawing," he replied. "Surely you won't take Frank with you?" as the master's only child appeared, with his skates on his arm.

"Of course we shall," persisted Ernest. "Mr. Cowell told us to make him happy whilst he was away. If you're so anxious about him, you'd better get your skates and come too."

"Don't look so cross," said Jimmie Johnston good-naturedly, as Charlie joined them, skates in hand. "We'll take care of him."

When they reached the pond Charlie stepped forward, and tried the ice with one foot. It gave an ominous crack.

"Keep back! keep back!" he cried, holding a protecting arm before Frank, who was eagerly pressing forward; "it won't bear."

Now, if Charlie had stopped there all might have been well, but he couldn't resist adding, "I told you so."

"Some people are always right," remarked Ernest crossly. "I wonder you troubled to bring your skates if you were so sure about it. It is all nonsense; we are not going to obey you. Just you come with us, Frank, and show him that you have a spirit of your own. I know a pond that's bigger and smoother than this. Come along, Frank; come along, Jimmie. Leave Mr. Wisecare to admire himself and his wisdom."

Much to his annoyance, Charlie saw the three climb the fence, and scramble across the fields as fast as the snow would let them.

He went for a long walk through the snow-clad lanes, and was thinking of turning towards home, when it suddenly struck him that he knew no pond near where the boys would be allowed to skate. Seeing the old postman hobbling along he asked him about it.

"No," he replied, "there ain't no other pond here. Stop, though; there's the Black Tarn on the moor. Surely they've not gone there? If they have, you'll never set eyes on one of them again. It's that deep that they say a horse and carriage went into it one foggy night, and nothing was ever seen of them. But there, I don't believe it myself. Bless my heart! where's the lad gone?"

Charlie had already started off at full speed for the moor.

When he reached it, he looked all round in hope of seeing his friends. He hadn't the least idea where the Tarn was, and had believed that the sight of them would guide him to it. He came upon the place suddenly at last, nearly walking into it.

A smooth piece of ice, twice as big as the pond in the village, with only a slight powdering of snow: it looked most inviting. Only for a brief moment, though; the next, Charlie covered his face with his hands and groaned.

About half-way across the further end he saw two big holes, and from there to the edge the ice was floating under water. Walking round the end where the ice had given way, he caught sight of something dark on the spotless snow.

It was Frank's cap. Then his self-command gave way, and he burst into tears. Frank was his particular chum, and it was to his care that Mr. Cowell had specially committed him when he was obliged to leave home for a couple of days.

How bitterly then did the poor boy regret that his love of proving that he was in the right had ended in all going wrong.

Suddenly Charlie heard a loud shout. Looking up, he saw a man riding towards him on a big horse.

"Help, help!" he cried, running to meet him.

It was Squire Wilson, who, on his well-roughed horse, was galloping madly towards him with an ice-axe on his saddle, while half a dozen men followed as closely as they could.

"How long have they been under?" he asked, as he sprang to the ground close to the Tarn.

"I don't know," replied Charlie. "It is more than two hours since I saw them in the village."

Squire Wilson looked grave.

"We'll soon get them out," he added, seeing Charlie's terrified look. "Just you step in, and lift up each piece of ice as I break it up. The others will be here in a minute. What are you waiting for? Are you afraid of a little cold water?"

"But the depth, sir, the depth," said Charlie, as white as a sheet.

"Man alive!" exclaimed the squire, "it doesn't measure two feet. The danger is in the ice, not the water. We'll have the pond clear in a quarter of an hour."

Sure enough, by that time the Black Tarn had been uncovered like a pie from which the crust is lifted, but in vain did they seek for the boys. Living or dead, they were gone.

"Well, they are not there, at all events," said Squire Wilson, panting after his exertions. "I expect you will find them at home. What did you mean about the depth?"

Charlie repeated the story of the carriage, and the cheery squire laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"That's the way stories of wonders get spread," he said. "Some anxious mother must have made that up to keep her boys off the Tarn. You'd better make haste home, and see whether your friends have returned. I'll be bound you'll find them eating a good dinner. Glad I met old Peter the postman, or you'd have been getting drowned yourself, I expect."

Half an hour afterwards Charlie stood in the squire's dining-room.

"They are not there, sir," he said. "Mrs. Cowell is nearly out of her mind. Dear, dear! what will become of me?"

"You'll live to grow a wiser man, I hope," said the squire kindly. "Don't behave like a coward. There's something to do now; you can cry presently. Can you ride? Yes. That's right. You shall have my pony. He's as sure-footed as a cat, and knows the moor as well as a rabbit. You must go and scour the moor till you find them. I'll come up when I've had something to eat."

Never did Charlie forget that lonely ride over the moor. It was a winter's afternoon, and he had not been long up there when a thin gray mist began to fall.

Not a vestige could he find of his friends, and as the mist grew thicker he thought that he must turn towards home.

He hadn't the remotest idea where home was, though, so he just dropped the reins on Roscoe's neck and closed his eyes, which were smarting with the fog and cold.

Suddenly he was raised from the side and dragged off the pony, while a voice said, "You can walk home, young man; I want that pony."

Then the astonished boy heard a peal of laughter which seemed familiar to him.

"Don't be too rough," said Jimmie Johnston's voice. "Tell him we'll pay him for the use of it, but have it we must, or we shan't get home to-night. Bring him in here, so that he may see we don't want to rob and hurt him."

Almost dazed, Charlie relinquished his hold of the saddle, and allowed himself to be pushed forward. He stumbled into a low hut, where he beheld Ernest and Jimmie standing before a peat fire.

"Where's Frank?" he gasped.

"There," said Ernest, pointing to a bundle on the floor. "He's alive, and better than he was two hours ago. What brought you here?"

"Roscoe did," said the peat-gatherer, with a grin. "I expect you gave him his head, didn't you?"

"Yes; because I didn't know my way home."

"I could have told you that Roscoe would not leave the moor without coming to my hut for a lump of sugar if he had his own way. Look at him now."

The pony had walked into the hut as if it were his own stable, and was standing quietly waiting to be fed.

Then Charlie heard all that had happened

"The ice did give way," said Ernest, "and when I saw Frank go under I thought of you, and wondered what Mrs. Cowell would say. But Jimmie wouldn't let me waste time thinking; he lay down, and managed to catch hold of one of his feet, but it was awful work pulling him out; the water seemed to drag as hard as we did, and the ice kept cracking. But we got him at last, and carried him between us, till we dropped exhausted. Then this good man came past, and took him in his arms, and told us to follow him, and I'm sure I don't know how we can ever reward him."

"There, there," said Jimmie hoarsely; "don't make too much of it. We are all safe and sound, and we'll save our pocket-money and buy him a pony: just such another as this little fellow, who came when he was wanted. Shake hands, Charlie. You were right, and we were wrong."

"No; I was wrong to be so sure about everything."

So peace was made, and there never was a merrier party than that which met in Mrs. Cowell's parlor for tea, though Frank still looked a little pale.

CALLING BISMARCK NAMES.—The following little story shows the celebrated statesman Prince Bismarck in a pleasant light, and proves that the "Iron Chancellor," as he has been called, possesses a heart that can feel for an enemy in distress.

One day, after a battle between the Prussians and Austrians, during the war of 1866, he was strolling about the camp, when he came upon a number of his soldiers who had captured an Austrian peasant. They had placed the unfortunate countryman in their midst, and were beating him unmercifully.

Bismarck, then Count, hastened up to the group, and at the sight of him the soldiers stopped.

"Hullo! What's all this din about? what's the matter now?" he asked.

"Matter enough. The dolt called us names!" a score of voices answered; "and we are showing him how Prussians can punish," added one bolder than the rest.

"It's false!" cried out the prisoner, turning to the Count, and not knowing who it was he addressed. The newcomer's uniform inspired him with the hope that he might be rescued from this persecution. "I tell you 'tis false! I only called Bismarck names! I assure you, good sir, I only called Bismarck names!"

This daring assertion brought a loud roar of laughter from his captors, who now looked inquiringly at their chief for permission to renew their flogging. Bismarck, pleased perhaps at the man's candor, and aware that he was not recognized, only smiled, and said—

"Nay, let him go. He is not the first. Many, and greater ones than he, have called me names before."

THE SPIDER AND THE TUNING FORK.—While Mr. C. V. Boys, a young naturalisht of South Kensington, was idly watching a spider spinning its airy geometrical web in the garden one day, the idea occurred to him to try the effect of a tuning fork held near the spider. The tone of the fork at once arrested the attention of the spider, who ran to the centre of the web, and crouched, watching. When the circumference of the web was touched by the fork, the spider tried every radial line to feel where the disturbance was created, and when he had found the right one he sallied forth upon it, and seized the prongs of the fork between his claws. It was clear that the hum of the fork has been mistaken for the buzzing of a fly. The deceptive power of the musical tone was further illustrated by Mr. Boys taking a dead fly which had been drowned in paraffin, and putting it on the web. When the fork was sounded near it, the spider pounced upon it and began to eat, but speedily left off as he tasted the unsavory paraffin. The hum of the fork held near was, however, quite sufficient to make him return to the charge, forgetful of his past experience. It has long been known that spiders are sensitive to music, and will come out of their holes in a room to listen to it; and the observations of Mr. Boys would seem to account for the charm by the resemblance of the music to the humming noises made by insects.

SHOW AND SUBSTANCE.—We suppose it is useless to tell those who have little money to spend, and have worked day and night to get that little, to think twice before they make an outlay of their hard earnings. But we can't refrain from saying, "What a pity!" when we see the children of parents in very moderate circumstances, tricked out in flimsy finery, when good, substantial clothing might have been procured for half the money, in which they would have looked much prettier and more respectable. We often say, "What a pity!" when we see a working-girl flaunting a showy, dress bonnet that ill assorts with her gown or shawl. We often say, "What a pity!" when we see a clerk dressed more extravagantly than his employer, or putting into the hire of a dashing carriage all the earnings of a week, or sporting the equipage on the promise of doing so without any expectation of performing that promise. The rainy day of disaster that is sure to follow all this sunshine of folly, they will not see, though disgrace, and sickness, and a workhouse bed, and a nameless grave loom up in the future for many of them. "We can be young but once," is capable of more than one interpretation, as they seem to forget.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

In Lapland dress fashions have not changed for 1000 years

The experiment of running looms by electricity is being tried in Germany.

The average strength of a horse is seven and a half times greater than that of a man.

The fruit of ambition is seldom so sweet when tasted as it had been pleasing to the eye.

A cock fowl on a farm in Dunklin, Kansas, has adopted a motherless brood of chickens.

An engine constructed entirely of papier mache has been added to the Berlin Fire Department.

A horse belonging to a Mr. Kenton, of Ashland, Oregon, died a short time ago at the great age of 36 years.

The word "jag," in the sense of a load, has been recognized by the Supreme Court of Michigan by its use in a decision.

While George Shink, of Mystic, Ct., was extolling the merits of a horse ton buy, the other day, the animal fell down and died.

A spider with legs 4½ inches in length, a back 3 inches one way and 4⅜ the other, and weighing 9 ounces, has been reported from Alabama.

A New York barber advertises that he will attend to the tonsorial necessities of his customers at their homes without any additional charge.

A potato, resembling in shape a pipe, is in the possession of a resident of La Center, Wash. The stem and bowl are nearly perfectly formed.

The celebration of Fast Day has been abolished in Massachusetts, and April 19th, the date of the battle of Concord, has been made a public holiday.

Twenty-six Western railroads now have a system of watch inspection by which the time-pieces of employes are regularly examined and regulated.

A Berlin dentist, in drawing a woman's tooth, had his finger bitten by a convulsive closing of her mouth. He died two days later from blood poisoning.

A Cuban paper states that the wife of District Attorney Don Luciano Timeus, of Remedios, gave birth to four robust children lately. They are reported as doing well.

A deer hunt in the County Meath, Ireland, a few weeks ago, was terminated by the game swimming out to sea and safely reaching an island about a mile from shore.

Stringent efforts are being made to reforest Switzerland. More than 40,000,000 young trees, it is officially reported, have been planted in that country in the last seven years.

Texas penologists claim that the development of the brewing interest in that State has led to a reduction in the number of homicides. They assert that beer doesn't stir up murderous passions as whisky does.

A religious paper estimates that between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000 are expended annually in this country for church edifices and that every day in the year more than twelve new churches are completed and dedicated.

Public school districts in Delaware are officially designated by number, but some of them are known by local names. A few of these are Pepper Box, Lizard's Hill, Turkey Branch, Hickory Grove, Hard Scrabble, Black Swamp and Tomahawk.

A family in Oregon has a peculiar religious faith. Each member of it takes six baths every 24 hours. No outsider is allowed to enter their dwelling. They work every day for six years, and then abstain from labor all through the seventh year.

A Warrenton, Ohio, paper gives an account of a girls' matrimonial club, the rules of which require that each girl member must pay into the common fund a certain sum in proportion to her matrimonial chance, and the member who is last to be married will receive the entire amount.

The Russian Government, in order to systematize physicians' bills, has published a regulation dividing cities into three classes, composed, first, of capitalists, proprietors, manufacturers, etc.; second, members of the liberal professions, and, third, the rest of the population; with a very small fee for the last, and increasingly larger fees for patients in the other two classes.

There is a man in Atchison, Kansas, who cannot correctly estimate distances on account of the nerves of his eyes being affected. He can see a man approaching, but cannot tell whether he is two feet or a block away. It frequently happens that he reaches out his hand to shake hands with an acquaintance who is a hundred yards distant.

A girl in Logan College, Russellville, Ky., used a porous plaster to remove lameness of the back. When she wanted to remove it she called in a chum, who gave the thing an awful jerk, not being familiar with the peculiarities of porous plasters. Then there arose a soul-stirring shriek on the midnight air, a panic seized the institution, and it took two hours to explain things.

NIGHT IS FALLING.

BY W. W. L.

Over the day night's shades are falling,
Gold and purple come and go;
Down in the marsh the plover is calling,
Calling soft to the after-glow—
Night is falling.

Up from the stream there in the hollow,
Shadows troop to field and wood;
Out from the dusk lark and swallow
Swift-winged go to waiting brood—
Night is falling.

Wood and stream fade out together,
Vesper bell is sounding low;
Down thro' the dusk of summer weather,
My love and I together go—
Night is falling.

INSTINCT vs. MIND.

Metaphysicians have often attempted to describe how the lower animals acquire their knowledge, or what they term instincts and passions.

We will give a few instances of this wonderful power in the lower animals. Take the termites, or white ants of tropical Africa. They live in large communities, regularly divided into nobles, soldiers and laborers; they build and live in pyramidal structures, ten or twelve feet high above and as many feet below the ground.

In the interior are chambers for nurseries, store rooms, and council chambers, where they all congregate periodically; also a place of deposit for their eggs, with an arrangement for heating this compartment by uncovering the outer coating, when necessary to allow the solar rays to raise the temperature, or to be covered up again when the heat is in excess.

These compartments are connected by stairways, passages and bridges, all firmly arched, and rivaling in magnitude and scientific structure the houses of the natives, and, in architectural skill, man's most perfect works.

The whole economy of bees is also truly astonishing, the uniformity of their operations, and the readiness with which each one performs his task; and, above all, their care for self-comfort.

The spider can rank for intelligence with either of the preceding. It can form its web when and where it pleases, and oftentimes there is as much wisdom shown in the selection of the spot where to hang out the gossamer web as there is in its construction; the exudation of this wonderful fluid through its spinarettes and spinarules, spinning the thread as it travels, at the same time exuding another gummy matter and dropping it on the gossamer at intervals, somewhat like bird-lime. It is estimated that the common garden spider, the Diadema, will weave a web of sixteen square feet in seventy-five minutes, the thread of which would measure two thousand eight hundred feet, on which would be deposited thirty thousand of those little drops of clammy matter.

The most wonderful provision of Providence is, that if you break up the web, so that you can see no hope of its being mended satisfactorily, then the whole of the gossamer thread is eaten, and the spider lies in a semi-torpid state for about thirty minutes, when the gossamer fluid is separated from the clammy fluid, and the animal appears again in a normal state ready to construct another web.

Another wonderful creature is the migratory spider, which travels from continent to continent. They have been found in myriads, six hundred miles from land, in the Pacific. These little creatures are numerous in our fields in the summer, especially in June and July. Their gossamer may be seen in the early morn on the tops of grass or corn. If the wind be favorable they immediately emit their gossamer from their spinarettes and spinarules, waiting at the same time for a tendency in the air to ascend, and they are off in millions to some favorite spot. They guide themselves by taking in and letting out more or less gossamer, at times traveling on it to the centre, and then, if they want to ascend, they rest on the latter end; if to descend, they approach slowly the opposite end, thereby depressing the thread; hence they ascend and descend at pleasure.

In the feathered tribe we have other wonderful instances of this power, or mind; as the humming-bird, in protecting its young from the large spiders during nesting-time. It is aware that these spiders have an antipathy to the fire-flies, which scintillate their light at night. The humming-bird catches a number of these insects, and disables them that they cannot fly, then places them around the edge of the nest, so that the light emitted from these little creatures prevents the spider from making havoc among the young of the humming-bird.

Instances of nobleness of character are ascribed to the mocking-bird. Attempts have been made to confine the young in a cage, leaving the parent birds to feed them through the wires, as we do with the common thrush. Not so with the mocking-bird, as soon as the parents are satisfied that their young are imprisoned, they immediately procure poison, and in one hour the young are dead.

FIVE TIMES AS NUMEROUS.—An English scientist is quoted as authority for the statement that there are five times as many species of insects as there are species of all other living things put together. The oak tree alone supports 450 species of insects, and 200 kinds make their home in the pine. Forty years ago Humboldt estimated that the number of species preserved in collections was between 150,000 and 170,000, but scientific men now say that there must be more than 750,000, without taking into consideration the parasitic creatures. Of the 35,000 species in Europe, however, not more than 3,500 are obnoxious or destructive. There are more than 100,000 kinds of beetles.

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.—"I say," said Berkey, to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you the night before last, did you? That's a secret!" "A secret! why I didn't know it was a secret!" she replied, regretfully. "Well, did you tell it? I want to know." "Why, no. I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."

Grains of Gold.

The meek enjoy almost a perpetual Sabbath.

No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule.

When the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong.

False worship will kill the soul as quick as no worship.

The greatest misfortunes men fall into arise from themselves.

No man can be sound in his faith who is unsound in his morals.

Every vicious act weakens a right judgment, and defiles the life.

He that worries himself with the dread of possible contingencies will never be at rest.

The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skilful direct.

You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge one for yourself.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself can put up with a thousand things no one else could stand.

There are some men who would rather hear themselves preach than to listen to an angel tuning his harp.

Do well, but do not boast of it, for that will lessen the commendation you might otherwise have deserved.

The wisest man is he who doubts his own judgment with regard to the motives which actuate his fellow-men.

If you would improve in wisdom, you must be content to be thought foolish for neglecting the things of the world.

You will find that the more resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate ways also improve yourself.

Femininities.

Some very good looking people are deformed on the inside.

There are 72 places called St. Etienne in France, and 30 towns called Washington in America.

Cotton thread is generally used to sew kid gloves, as it does not so readily cut the kid as silk thread.

Endurance is the prerogative of woman, enabling the gentlest to suffer what would cause terror to manhood.

He, with nascent down on upper lip: "Have you often wished you were a man?" She, sweet 16: "Ah! yes; and you?"

Emily A. Bruce, M. D., declares that more women die annually in England because of faulty dress than from all contagious diseases combined.

Blobbs: "Wigwag gave Miss Oldgirl an engagement ring set with opals."
Slobbs: "Wasn't that unlucky?"
Blobbs: "Yes; he married her."

Mrs. Roll, of Springfield, N. J., is suing for divorce because her husband, who is a milkman, set an alarm clock at the head of the bed, which awakened the baby.

The railways in France already employ 24,000 women, the majority of whom, however, receive a small sum merely for opening and shutting gates where roads cross the track.

"I can't understand how Mrs. Smiley can waste so much of her time with her pet dog."
"Well, you would if you had ever met her husband."

We should always record our thoughts in affliction; set up way marks, that we may recur to them in health, for then we are in other circumstances, and can never recover our sick-bed views.

Sillicus: "What a rich complexion Miss Jones has! Does she get it from her father or her mother?"
Cynicus: "From her father, I guess. He keeps a drug store."

Women are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

There remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after-spring, and, later, an after-summer, the redux of their most beautiful bloom.

Nell: "Isn't it just too provoking?"
Belle: "What's the matter, dear?"
Nell: "Why, I promised to marry some man at the ball last night, and to save my life I can't remember who it was."

The wedding of Colin P. Hardy and Miss Eva Maud Byers at Canarsie, N. Y., was the result of a peculiar romance. Hardy had twice saved the life of Miss Byers within the past year, and her hand in marriage was his reward.

The Empress of Austria has to give a written receipt for the State jewels every time she wears them, and her Majesty, as the result, usually contents herself with her private collection, which is estimated to be worth $1,500,000.

It is true that in some lines of employment women do not get equal pay with men for the same kind and amount of work, which is a gross injustice. But it is also true that where this is the case women get most of the jobs.

A currently reported utterance of Queen Victoria is to the effect that there were two men who never toadied to her, but who at times flatly contradicted her. One is Gladstone, the other was her devoted servant, John Brown.

"Minnie has been in to see me today," said little 5-year old, "and she behaved like a lady."
"And I hope you did, too," said her mother.
"Yes, indeed, I did; I turned somersets for her on the bed."

A cow owned by M. A. Phillips, living near Bristol, Florida, gave birth a short time ago to a calf having, it is claimed, two distinct heads, with four ears, four eyes, two mouths and two tongues. The freak lived but a short time.

An old law in Paris, which forbids kissing in public places, was enforced not long ago against a cabman who kissed his wife in the street after a week's absence from home. He was fined $5 and paid it with a smile, remarking that it was well worth it.

Several well-known society women in New York have organized a counter movement to the one in favor of having the right of suffrage extended to women, and will present to the Constitutional Convention a counter petition asking that such an amendment be not adopted. They are enjoying in advance a taste of politics.

Pastor, to peasant girl: "Why do you weep so much?"
"Because my lover has gone to the army for three years."
"But those will soon be over; then he will return."
"Yes; but I am afraid that in the meantime another man will marry me."

Masculinities.

Lord Salisbury's income is said to be about $500,000 a year.

The man who knows a great deal never has to call attention to the fact.

An ability to manage his own business has secured many a man a confidential position.

The history of human opinion is scarcely anything more than the history of human errors.

The Prince of Wales has been re-elected Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

Life is full of compensation. The tongue of the deaf and dumb man never gets him into trouble.

Science has produced an instrument for counting the number of dust motes that exist in a sunbeam.

Exiles and convicts are doing most of the work on the new Siberian railway now in course of construction.

I once met a man who had forgiven an injury. I hope some day to meet the man who has forgiven an insult.

Benedict: "Why don't she marry you? Is there another man in the case?"
Singleton: "Yes; her father."

A long-distance telephone line is being constructed between Madrid and Barcelona, a distance of about 500 miles.

Alexander Watson, who was on trial in the courts at Denver, Colorado, lately, for bigamy, is known to have at least five wives.

Mr. and Mrs. Flynn Harrgett, of Harris county, Ga., have been married for 62 years. They both have passed their 80th birthday.

When a woman says to her husband, "You know I haven't a bit of jealousy in my nature, but I should like to know," etc., look out for storms.

George Scott and Elmira Stoner walked 20 miles from their homes to Louisville, Ohio, in order to be married, not having the cash to pay car fare.

James J. Styles, who died in Kingston, N. Y., recently, in the 95th year of his age, left surviving a brother aged 87 and two sisters each over 80 years old.

Father: "Is the girl you are going to marry economical?"
Son, enthusiastically: "I should say so! Last year she spent $500 in bargains!"

The marriage of Mr. Yates, aged 75 years, of Bellevue, Ohio, and Mrs. Sawyer, 72 years old, recently, was against the wishes of their children. The aged couple eloped.

Stern parent, to a young applicant for his daughter's hand: "Young man, can you support a family?"
Young man, meekly: "I only wanted your Sarah."

It is hard on a young man to spend three months deciding which of two girls he will choose for his wife, and then to find out when he proposes that neither one of them will have him.

A fellow in El Reno, Neb., hugged his girl so hard that he broke one of her ribs. Then, on his first call after her return from the hospital, he forgot to hug her at all, and so broke her heart.

A number of small boys of Zanesville, Ohio, placed a dummy on a trolley car track the other day and the motorman, thinking he had run over a man, fainted. The boys were arrested and held on a charge of malicious mischief.

In Marceline, Mo., everybody has to carry a flask, and drunkenness is more prevalent than in the neighboring towns. Marceline was laid out as a prohibition village, and any lot is forfeited from the moment that liquor is sold thereon.

Isaiah A. Hatch, known as the little man, died at Provincetown, Mass., lately. He was a midget, deformed at birth, and at his death was but a little over three feet in height, and weighed only 30 pounds. Mr. Hatch was 63 years old.

Lars Kruse, who was drowned lately in Denmark, had saved several hundred persons from drowning. Eight Kings had placed decorations on his breast in recognition of his bravery in saving lives, and a monument will be erected to his memory.

William Parker, who died at Martinsville, Indiana, lately, aged 94 years, was the father of 27 children, all but three of whom survive him. His remains were taken to the cemetery in an ordinary farm wagon, a request he had asked to be observed.

Robbs: "Smith must be awfully afraid of his wife. He is always telling us how she will give him fits if he don't hurry home."
Fobbs: "That's the best sign in the world that he is not afraid of her at all. The man who is bossed by his wife never says a word about it."

Formal charges have been instituted against a Portland, Maine, Methodist Episcopal clergyman of several offences, of which the most heinous is that he attended a picnic in white pants, and not only drank a half bottle of ginger ale, but unblushingly remarked that he would enjoy another glass.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

While in former years three fourths of the gloves used were black and one-fourth colored, the opposite proportion is seen this season, over two-thirds of the gloves being colored.

There are few novelties for the spring season worth noticing. Among these are some black and colored kids, with what are technically called fancy pointings. Black is sewn with a color, such as heliotrope or red, and has three colored bands carried across the wrist, ending in black and colored pinked-out frills of kid at the edge. Another most admirable novelty is illustrated by a new idea, namely, the glove with the \jar patent thumb. This new addition is calculated to lengthen the wear considerably. It is applied to chevrette and cape gloves, the strip of leather forming the thumb being extended to the top of the glove underneath the wrist, so that there is no fear that when it is drawn on the kid will break away.

There are many novel shades in kid and suede, the new cocoa, a long range of tints which will match any dress, and several additions to the beaver and fawn tones. The newest shade of all is the Meissonnier.

The Hermione is a capital good-wearing glove, in which the new butter colors and tabac shades show to advantage.

A novelty in color combinations for gloves is black, with light-yellow, and which promises to be a great success. Black gloves are stitched and bordered with yellow, and yellow gloves with black.

These gloves are so far only seen occasionally in the stores, but they are likely soon to be general favorites. The novelty lies, however, not alone in the color combinations, a tasteful bead trimming being also used on the back of the hand, consisting of an embroidery black, with single yellow beads for yellow gloves and yellow embroidery and black beads for black gloves.

White, black or metal buttons are no longer used exclusively. Mother-of-pearl buttons in various shades are now the most liked. Gloves in neutral colors are stitched with red, mauve or blue silk and have pearl buttons in the same shade. Another novelty consists in giving pearl-gray gloves an embroidery in the same color or in white; these are called "gants de Nice" and are destined for day toilets.

White gloves are more worn for evening toilets than they were in former seasons. For evening wear gauntlet gloves are used, with an opening at the wrist and three buttons. These gloves reach either above the elbow or cover the entire arm. Lengths of [86 inches are worn with elegant toilets.

For ordinary wear, besides light-browns and light-modes, the reddish shades are liked. This last color owes its favor to the fact that it keeps its clean appearance longer. Middle-grays, which have recently received attention, can also be included among the good shades.

Wraps—both for indoor and outdoor wear—are, if possible, more ornate than usual. Jackets are all short, and many have sleeves or lapels of moire antique, the sleeveless jacket seems likely to be generally adopted, as it is one of the few garments that can be worn with comfort over a small bodice. Many of the French wraps are entirely of black moire antique, trimmed with coarse Tuscan lace. A pretty jacket of that silk, with a full basque, was adorned with a double cape bordered with jet, and a large silk bow with lace-edged ends. These large bows are becoming rather too much of a good thing. They are positively overwhelming. Short women look absurd in them.

Shot merveilleuse silks are seen in all colors. Still more fashionable shot silks show serpentine effects. Bengaline poplins and shot broches are very stylish. Grosgrains are shown in light colors. Embossed silks with light grounds are used for evening wear. The hopsack and surah serge silks are novelties in silken imitations of the cloths which bear their names. They are designed for hard wear.

In moire ribbons the latest novelties are in the clouded effects in all shades. A very beautiful ribbon is that in which lace appears to be superimposed. In this line of goods there are some designs which will meet ready favor.

The delicate sweet pea tints are very fashionable in taffeta silks shot with gold or silver. Toilets are made wholly of these silks, or they are used for half-low bodices and underskirts beneath draperies of lace, net, chiffon or grenadine. In either case, pinked or fringed ruches edge the skirt at the bottom, and on short-trained evening toilets, to render the effect still more dressy, a gathered or pleated frill of lace is set into the heart of the silk ruche. This trimming is likewise used in different fabrics, in black and colors, on teagowns, shoulder-capes and supper jackets. An elegant dinner dress of shot pink and white satin, included in a bridal trousseau, has a rose ruche on the skirt, the gown opening in Directoire fashion on a petticoat of striped white, pink and pale rosy violet—the sweet-pea colors. White lace pleatings show everywhere among the rose ruches, and the lovely lace bretelles that fall over the shot silk sleeve puffs are headed by a ruche covered band of rose-colored satin.

Odds and Ends.

SOME HINTS ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Care of the Teeth.—Fine teeth add so much to the beauty of the face that too much care cannot be bestowed upon them.

The deciduous or temporary teeth are twenty in number. The central incisors are cut between the 5th and 7th months; the lateral incisors between the 7th and 10th months; anterior molars make their appearance between the age of 12 and 14 months; the eye teeth between between 14 and 20 months, and the posterior between 18 and 36 months. Collectively these are called the milk teeth. There never was a period in the history of medical or surgical dentistry when so much attention was given to the temporary or milk teeth as at present. Not only are the teeth of toddlers and children filled, but they are straightened, cleaned and, when needed, loosened to facilitate the perfection of the second teeth. The well-born child of 2 years has his cup, brush and little vial of tooth powder.

The permanent teeth number thirty-two. The first molars appear between the ages of 5 and 7 years; the central incisors between 6 and 8, the lateral incisors from 7 to 9, first bicuspids, 9 to 10, second bicuspids, 10 to 11; canines, 11 to 13; second molars, 12 to 14, and the third molars or wisdom teeth between the 17 and 21st year. The teeth of the lower jaw are cut, as a rule, two or three months before those in the upper jaw.

The family dentist is rapidly becoming as popular and indispensable in well-conducted households as the family physician. It costs comparatively little to have each member make one visit a month to a surgeon who examines the mouth and puts it in a healthy condition. Not only are the teeth cleaned, but the gums are treated and a tainted breath corrected. These consultations pay in the long run, for, aside from a saving of expense in the prevention of decay or disease, much needless pain is saved the patient.

There are a few rules for the care of the teeth and gums that all skilled practitioners indorse.

Avoid extreme temperatures. Even the strongest dentine may be injured with very hot or cold foods. Breathe through the nose or else cover the mouth in very cold weather.

Cleanse the mouth night and morning with a soft brush and tepid water. Brush from the gums towards the cutting edges. The common practice of brushing crosswise does the teeth little good the gums much harm, making them sore, and, if the brush is stiff, causing them to recede. Particles of food get between the teeth and must be removed by local attention.

Rinse the mouth after eating. Use a quill if necessary, but passing waxed silk between the teeth is a surer way to free them from deposits.

A teaspoonful of listerine in one-half a glass of cool water is an excellent disinfectant. Used as a gargle three times a day, it will cure sore or loose gums.

Prickly Heat.—Prickly heat is a very common and troublesome disease. The most effectual treatment for it that we know of a powder composed of one part of oxide of zinc, three parts of oxide of magnesia, and sixteen parts of sublimate of sulphur. Place the powder on a plate and press a damp sponge on it. Rub the body with the sponge, to which the particles of powder have adhered, and continue the application for fifteen minutes, then wash the parts clean of the adhering particles. Repeat twice or three times every twenty-four hours.

Ulcers.—Here is a receipt that will cure any sore on man or beast that has ulcerated spots. Take two and one-half drachms blue stone, four drachms alum, six drachms loaf sugar, one drachm sugar of lead, one tablespoonful honey. Put all into a bottle, put in one pint of vinegar, shake it three or four times a day, until they are dissolved, and it is ready for use. Pour some of it out and add water when you first apply to any sore, as it makes it smart at the first application; apply three times a day.

WATCH-MAKING.

It is a novelty of some ten or twelve years' standing to find watches produced generally by any other labor than could be adapted to hand tools; but it is in this country that the most systematic application of machinery has so far taken place, where in a few large establishments machine-wrought watches are made in a series of connected and uniform processes. It is in America also that the simplicity of aim or the unity of purpose, by which the watch is regarded only or primarily as a time-keeper, has been most closely realized.

In the infancy of the art, it has been pertinently observed by a learned writer upon the subject, the idea of the time-keeper was mixed up in the artisan's mind with all sorts of fantastic notions. Instead of a mechanism simply for the measure of time, the watchmaker was constantly striving after the production of something novel, curious and astonishing. The forms and sizes of watches were innumerable. Some were as large as saucers, while others were of the most marvelous minuteness.

In form they took the shape of the pear, the almond, the melon, the tulip, the bird, the shell, the cross, the skull, the coffin and other cheerful or memorial emblems; and they were inserted in such commodities as snuff-boxes, finger rings, shirt-studs, bracelets and saddles. Even when these external eccentricities and extravagances had been largely cast aside, the interior construction of the watch remained complicated with all matter of objects other than simple time-keeping. Striking watches, repeating watches, speaking watches that imitated voices, were elaborately produced, as well as watches that professed to perform the chronological and astronomical functions of the almanac and calendar. All these varieties, however curious, were drags upon the works, and detracted from the simple essential purpose of the mechanism.

As the conception of utility grew into greater distinctness, there gradually arose as a particular application of it the idea of the watch as a time-keeper, and a practical concentration of effort to perfect this object alone. The appendages of the past were one by one abandoned in watches of the best construction; and fewness and simplicity of the parts, combined with the automatic exactness of machinery, came to be adopted as a necessary principle of excellence and permanence of precision.

It is a matter of experience that although every part of a watch must be absolutely accurate, no part must fit perfectly. To run freely each pivot must have a little play, "like a horse in harness;" otherwise the least bit of dirt or the least expansion of the metal would stop or impede the delicate machinery. In like manner every jewel hole is left a little larger than the pivot which is to revolve in it, for the "side shake," or lateral oscillation: and every shaft or axle a little short, for what is known as the "end shake." The tiny gauges which in a system of watch making machinery measure all the parts make allowance for these demands; and this they do with an ease and accuracy unattainable by human fingers.

The completion of the watch, however, cannot be effected by machinery; and after it has done its utmost there still remain numerous processes which involve more or less of hand-work, and in which the peculiar delicacy of female manipulation has an opportunity of vindicating its value.

As a rule, however, women have not yet appropriated those parts of watch-making which require the highest degree of mechanical knowledge. The more difficult work, and the most remunerative, is still generally in the hands of men, who, it is said—and we will leave it as a suggestive remark for our readers—are more ingenious, more thoughtful, and contriving in cases of strangeness and emergency, than their female colleagues and competitors.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

PROFESSIONAL.—Archer, the jockey, went once to Sir James Paget to have his arm attended to—it had been "savaged" a short time before on Newmarket Heath by Muley Edris, a horse belonging to Lord Falmouth. The eminent surgeon having bound up the wound, the jokey asked, we read in the English Illustrated Magazine, how long it would take to heal.

"Oh," said Sir James, "I think in three or four weeks you will be all right!"

"But shall I be fit for the Derby?" asked Archer.

"Y-e-s," was the reply—"oh, yes, I think you may go to the Derby!"

"No, but you don't quite understand me," persisted the jockey; "I mean, shall I be fit to ride?"

"Well, I don't know," was the answer. "Better drive—better drive!"

Archer, rather taken back by this innocent and unexpected rejoinder, had to explain.

"I am afraid, Sir James, you scarcely realize who I am?"

"No," said the surgeon politely, referring to the patient's visiting-card. "I see I have the honor of receiving Mr. Archer; but——"

"Well, said Archer, "I suppose I may say that what you are in your profession, Sir James, I am in mine."

Then he proceeded to tell him what that profession was. The famous surgeon, on learning the status of his visitor, was at once greatly interested, and asked him eagerly many questions—amongst others, what would be his loss supposing he would be unable to fulfil the Derby engagement; to which Archer replied, "About one thousand pounds—perhaps more."

His average annual income he stated to be about eight thousand or ten thousand pounds, upon which Sir James is said to have remarked, "You may well say that what I am in my profession you are in yours; but I only wish that my profession was half as profitable as yours."

MAIDEN AUNTS.—Some of the nearest approaches to the perfection of a woman's nature have been made by maiden aunts. And they reach this high eminence without brushing off the bloom of their modesty by ostentatious displays of their self-sacrifice. They pursue their high calling without noise, almost without being aware that they are moving in an exalted sphere. Their thought is not of spectators. They ask not the acclamations of the world. Their eye is not intent upon their reward. In their work they find their motive and their wage. They live in their sympathies, and walk in the sunshine of their own broadly-diffused love. Perhaps this is one reason, moreover, why maiden aunts, if they have fairly cultivated their own minds, are so interesting in social life. They have generally at their command a fund of disengaged feeling which they are ready to bestow upon affairs outside their own circle. The habit of caring for what is not specially their own prompts them to give a livelier heed to what is passing around them. They often acquire a relish for affairs which their married sisters relegate entirely to their husbands, brothers, or sons. They take a more vivacious interest in what concerns the well-being of society—in books and systems, in public movements and events, in matters of art and taste, in a knowledge of persons and things beyond domestic limits. As companions, they commonly possess a much wider area over which thought and sympathy can be elicited in conversation, are less pre-occupied, less engrossed by immediate and urgent responsibilities. Their unconcentrated affections are at liberty for present exercise and momentary enjoyment, and, like diffused warmth, can make their genial influence felt over an extended surface. We look upon maiden-auntship as a blessed institution, and were all who enter it worthy of it, society would give it pre-eminent honor and distinction.

GULLS AND THEIR YOUNG.—Every bird watches over and cares for her own nest, though the numbers are so great and the tumult so excessive that it is difficult to conceive how each gull can distinguish her spotted eggs, placed in the midst of so many others, exactly similar in size, shape and color; and when at length the young are hatched, and are swimming about on the loch, or crowded together on some grassy point, the old birds, as they come home from a distance with food, fly rapidly amidst thousands of young ones exactly similar to their own, without even looking at them, until they find their own offspring, which, recognizing their parents amongst all the other birds, receive the morsel without any of the hungry little creatures around attempting to dispute the prize, each waiting patiently for its own parent, in perfect confidence that its turn will come in due season.

THE HEART OF AN ARTIST.

THE celebrated singer, Henriette Sontag, began her career in Vienna. Every one who knows anything about the boards that represent the theatrical world will readily believe that the young, amiable, and highly-endowed artist had to struggle against envy; but her debut was a splendid one, in spite of the jealousy of her colleagues. However, she was hissed at as passionately by the snakes of the side scenes as she was received with applause by the lions of the parterre. Miss Amalie Steininger was one of the most enraged of these snakes—a lady whose octave was reduced long ago by the storm of passion to a few hoarse notes. Nevertheless, Miss Amalie had her knights, who still always wore her colors, and fought for her beauty, and by aid of this knighthood she succeeded in putting her rival to flight.

Some years later Miss Sontag sang at one of the first theatres of Berlin, together with the celebrated tenor, Fager, and triumphed over Signora Catalina. The tongues of the enthusiasts and the pens of the journalists talked only about her, and there was no garden in and around Berlin that had not been plundered in order to give her flowers.

Her carriage was always surrounded by people of the first families; and some nights the people took the horses off and drew the carriage themselves. That was indeed enthusiasm! So, as before said, she was the Catalina of her time, with the exception that she was young and beautiful, while the former was remarkable for her ugliness.

On a very fine morning when Henriette Sontag was driving in one of the most fashionable streets of Berlin, surrounded by numerous riders, she heard the Viennese national song sung by a child's tender voice. The great singer made the carriage stop, and called the little singer.

"What is your name, my pretty little Vienna girl?" was her question, leaning on the door of the carriage.

"Nauneri!" was the answer, given in the Austrian dialect by the little one.

"Who is that woman you lead there?" continued Sontag.

'Oh, that's my poor blind mother, madam," replied the child.

"And the name of your poor blind mother?" she asked.

"Amalie Steininger," said the girl.

"Amalie Steininger!" repeated Henriette Sontag, with the greatest surprise.

"Yes, Amalie Steininger," said the child. "My mother was a celebrated singer before she lost her voice and her eyes, because she had cried so much. After this all our friends left us. We had to sell everything we had, and have to beg now for our daily bread."

Henriette Sontag could not speak; the tears that pearled in her large bright eyes choked her voice. The riders had also stopped, and took the greatest interest in this striking scene.

"Gentlemen," said the celebrated singer, finally, "permit me to make, here in the street, a collection for a colleague who has lost her sight. Here is my purse," she continued, "and please let it not be the only one gliding into the hands of this poor child."

In a moment the little girl had her hands full of gold and silver, and thought that Heaven had sent an angel to relieve her poor, unfortunate mother.

"Where does your mother live, my child?" asked Henriette, enjoying the surprise of the little one.

"Behind the Konigsmauer," replied the child; "No. 19."

"Nauneri, give your mother the love of her old colleague and friend, Henriette Sontag, and tell her to await me this afternoon," said the singer. "I will come to see you and talk with you."

"Henriette Sontag!" said the little girl, highly astonished, and ran fast to her mother to tell her who the young, beautiful lady was.

Alas! the good child did not understand her mother's tears. Henriette Sontag kept her word. She visited Amalie in the course of the day, in company with an old friendly gentleman, and embraced her unfortunate colleague with hearty sympathy, and was particularly careful not to talk about Vienna, so as not to remind Amalie how badly she had treated her.

The friend of the singer was a renowned oculist, who examined the eyes of the blind woman, but shook his head sorrowfully, for he had no hope of curing her. Henriette sang the popular "Iphigene," for the benefit of an oppressed artist, and we need not say that poor Amalie was this artist.

Henriette Sontag took care of her to the end of her life, and gave the little girl, who is now a celebrated actress, and remembers always with love and gratitude the noble heart of the singer, a very good education.

MR. HENRY IRVING AND THE COLLIE.—Mr. Henry Irving was in Scotland two or three summers ago, and on one of his walks he frequently met a shepherd with a fine collie. He took a fancy to the dog, and a few days before leaving, he said to the Highlander—

"I will give you £50 for your collie."

The shepherd seemed surprised at the amount offered, and was struck with sadness, for he was poor and wanted the money, yet he had formed so strong an attachment to the dog that he could not bear the thought of parting with it.

After deliberating for a while, he said—

"Na, sir, I wesl no tak the feefty pund."

"Well, then," said Mr. Irving, "I will give you sixty if you like to bring the dog to my hotel within three days.

The man stood looking down at his dog and was silent, and Mr. Irving walked away. At the end of three days one of the hotel servants said that a shepherd had called to see Mr. Irving.

The Highlander and his dog came in, and the man said that although he did not like to part with the collie, as he was poor and had a family to support, he could not afford to keep a dog worth £60, and he had decided to accept the offer.

The poor fellow took the money and thanked Mr. Irving. He looked once very hard at the collie, which whined, and tried to lick his hand: then he threw his arm over his eyes and ran out of the room.

Mr. Irving brought the dog to London, but the rumble of the city and the crowds in the street seemed to confuse him. He grew more and more unhappy, and after a few days the great actor began to regret his bargain, for he had only succeeded in making himself, the shepherd and the dog thoroughly miserable.

A few days after his return, Mr. Irving took his dog into Kensington Gardens, and for a moment the poor creature brightened at the first sight of a few sheep that were grazing under the trees, but soon discovering that they were not his own flock, and that his master was not near, he relapsed into his usual dejection.

After this, it was very difficult to get him to take any food, and as he soon lost his fine appearance and grew lean, Mr. Irving decided to give him his liberty.

So he returned him as a present to the Highlander, who afterwards wrote that the was so overjoyed to get back home, that he leapt upon his old master's shoulders, and then ran about the hills so wildly that he (the shepherd) feared for a time that he would go mad.

"COLONIZING."—Some great man in Russia was commissioned by the Empress Catherine the Second to colonize the regions adjoining a river, and was provided with the requisite funds. These funds he diverted from their proper use. When the empress came on her tour of inspection, she passed down the stream in slow and impressive fashion, borne in a state barge. Every afternoon she sighted a neat an charming village on the bank, and, going on shore, was hailed by a band of prosperous peasants in gala attire. Passing from house to house, she would see an abundant meal smoking on the board, frequently including a roast sucking-pig. There was, it is true, a certain similarity between one village and another; but this was easily explained by the fact of all being designed by the same government architect. And so the inspection went on, with complete satisfaction to all parties concerned, till a malicious person in the imperial suite happened to bethink himself of his penknife, and, while the intelligent cottagers were busy answering Catherine's questions, he slyly amputated the tail of the sucking-pig. In the next cottage the family was also about to regale itself on a tailless sucking-pig! The empress ever after looked with disfavor, not on the great man, but on the ingenious gentleman with the penknife.

TOO SENSITIVE.—At a ball given in Berlin, a lady with very delicate nerves told her friend that she dreaded roses more than anything.

"The odors of those flowers," she remarked, "always makes me dizzy."

Soon afterwards a lady appeared wearing, unfortunately, a red rose in her hair. The nervous sufferer at once turned pale, her arms dropped at her side, and she sank, not ungracefully, into a chair. They ran to her assistance.

"What remarkable nervous irritability!"

"What a delicate and sensitive constitution!" exclaimed the bystanders.

NEW YORK has had only one representative in the Speaker's chair at Washington, John W. Taylor, who was elected in 1820 to fill out an unexpired term of Henry Clay. Before the war the Speakership went to the South for 45 out of 72 years, Kentuckians holding the office for 20 years. Virginia came next on the list, with a representation covering 13 years.

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Humorous.

HYMEN'S FLAME.

I know they talk of Hymen's flame,
Or else his lighted torch,
In valentines, but all the same,
Why should my mutton scorch?
Why should my humble piece of steak
Be blacken'd as a shoe?
Why glass and china daily break?
Then, what am I to do?

Why poison me with greasy soup,
Or floury melted butter?
A man must be a nincompoop
Who can't his feelings utter.
Untasted dinners daily go—
Just through the railings, look!
There's been a murder down below—
Young Cupid's shot my cook!

—*N. Y. U.*

What sport resembles young ladies gossiping?—Deer stalking.

Why is the letter X like a person in doubt? Because it is always in perplexity.

What is the difference between a goose and a defeated adversary?—One gives down and the other gives up.

"Is Jenks in the swim nowadays?" "Guess he must be. His best girl has just thrown him overboard."

May: "Fred, do you ever go to horse-races, or drink, or play cards for money, or swear?" Fred, gently: "No, dear; I never swear."

Proud mother, piqued that her child's advances meet with no response from fair stranger: "Why, baby dear, that's not your grandma."

A newly-started paper delicately announces that its charges for marriage notices is just what the ecstacy of the bridegroom may prompt.

Hotel proprietor: "We don't allow any games of chance here."

Gambler: "This isn't a game of chance; my friend here has no chance."

"What makes Smith stutter? He didn't use to."

"Well, you see, when he asks a man to loan him $5, and says it over three times, he sometimes gets $15."

Mr. Brief: "Your uncle has directed in his will that you shall have one cent."

Mr. Spendthrift: "Good, kind uncle! (In sudden alarm) *Are you sure, Mr. Brief,* it isn't a counterfeit?"

Blobson, at the theatre, rising excitedly: "Down with the red umbrella in front!"

Mrs. Blobson, pulling him back: "For mercy's sake, be quiet. That isn't an umbrella; it's a new spring hat!"

Farmer, to boy: "What are you doing under the tree with that apple?"

Bright boy: "Please, sir, I was just going to climb up the tree to put back this apple, which I see has fallen down."

"Hello!" exclaimed the telegraph editor; "here's a first-class article from Kentucky."

"You don't say so," responded the absent-minded city editor. "Who's got a corkscrew?"

"Here," said the appreciative dime museum manager, as he saw the big 'longshoreman handle the great casks of sugar; "why don't you give up this dollar-a-day job and go in the Human Hercules biz? You're too strong to work!"

Mamma: "Oh, I am so terribly worried about Robbie."

Papa: "What is wrong with him now; some simple little ailment?"

Mamma: "No; he has washed his face twice without being told."

"Ma," said Bobby, "is it wrong for little boys to tie tin kettles to dogs' tails?"

"Decidedly wrong, Bobby; I hope you'll never do such a thing as that."

"No, indeed, ma!" replied Bobby, emphatically; "all I do is to hold the dog."

Hoax: "Did you hear about young Bjones and Miss Bjohnson?"

Joax: "No; what about them?"

"They are no longer engaged."

"You don't mean it! What happened?"

"Oh, they ran off and got married."

Jones, home rather late after a night at the club: "By Jove, my dear, I can't find my watch! Must have left it in my other vest at the office. Do you know where it is?"

Mrs. Jones, with forced calmness: "How should I know, George? I'm no pawnbroker."

The old lady went to the theatre for the first time. The play was "Julius Cæsar." "Wa-al," she said afterward, "I've heard tell that the theayter were bad, but I think it's wuss than bad. It's nothing but crime to kill all them fellers just to amuse the audience, and it oughter be put a stop to."

"John," exclaimed Mrs. De Tanque, as her husband absent-mindedly placed his shoes on the dressing case, "you've been drinking!"

"You do me an injustice," replied the injured De Tanque, "I haven't passed a saloon to-day."

And he crawled into bed conscious of having told the truth, for he had stopped in at every one he came to.

What was Troubling Him.—An old bed ridden fisherman at a fashionable watering-place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure that is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said—

"Weel, there's just se thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just this," said the old man eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage to get into that waistcoat.

His Little Cabbage.—"Mon petit chou" is a delicate term of endearment among French people, although a certain Monsieur Francois L—— has every reason to regret the use of the expression.

He was engaged some years ago to be married to one of the daughters of a late wealthy American millionaire, and the course of true love ran quite smoothly until one unhappy day when he wrote his fiancee a letter commencing: "Mon bien aime petit chou."

The young lady had struggled somewhat with the language of the Parisians, and possessed a dictionary. The result of her investigations only brought to light the obnoxious fact that her intended addressed her as his "well-beloved little cabbage;" and it took five minutes to collect all his letters and return his presents by an elder brother, who extracted an apology by means of a horse-whip, and left the unhappy foreigner for ever desolate and ignorant of his offence.

Queen Victoria was very fond of gardening in her younger days, apropos of which the following story is told. The Queen was one day tending her flowers at Osborne, with watering-pot and rake in hand, when Mario, the great tenor, came along. He was on his way to sing in the palace at the command of the Queen, and, being delighted with the garden, had sent his carriage ahead, and was walking alone. Suddenly he came upon the lady with the watering-pot. "Would you be so good as to direct me to the apartments of the Queen?" he asked. "What can you want there?" said the lady. "I want the Queen, because I am Mario and am to sing for her." "So you have arrived! I am the Queen," was the reply. Mario was her slave from that hour.

In Memory of a Pig.—Until within the last few months no monument has ever been erected to the memory of a pig. The town of Luneburg, Hanover, wishes to fill up the blank, and at the Hotel de Ville in that town there is to be seen a kind of mausoleum to the memory of a member of the porcine race. In the interior of the commemorative structure is a costly glass case, inclosing a ham still in good preservation. A slab of black marble attracts the eyes of the visitor, who finds thereon the following inscription in Latin, engraved in letters of gold: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

Who was the Fool?—A young man returned home a few days ago from a trip to South Africa for his health, and in narrating his adventures to his father he told him he had bought a silver mine for $5,000.

"I knew they'd swindle you," exclaimed the old man. "So you were fool enough to buy a humbug mine?"

"Yes; but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company and sold half the stock to a Londoner for $7,500."

"Yes—you did?" gasped the old man, turning white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it.

"I know you are," coolly observed the young man, as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.

Better than Drowning.—It is said that two Germans were walking one cold day on the banks of a large pond, when one of them fell in. He could not swim and screamed for aid.

The other, who was an officer, did not feel inclined to take so cold a plunge, and calmly watched the struggles of the sinking man. All at once the man in the water began to sing a stanza of the "Marseillaise," and the officer jumped in forthwith, for his strict orders were to arrest any person whom he heard singing that famous song.

The unfortunate citizen was imprisoned for eight months, but that better than drowning.

Jones—"Oh, what a very charming baby! I have always taken such an interest in very young children. How old is it?" Mother (with pride)—"Only just eleven weeks." Jones—"Really! A—and is it your youngest?"

BRIGHT EYES

—AND—

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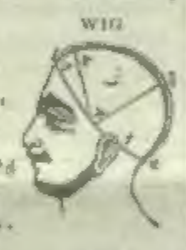

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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LEAVE READING TERMINAL, PHILADA.

		Week Days.
Buffalo Day Express. Parlor and Dining Car. Chicago Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 9.00 A. M.	
Buffalo Express. Sleeping Car.	daily 6.45 P. M.	
Williamsport Express. (Parlor Cars.)	daily 9.45 P. M.	
	week-days, 8.35, A. M., 4.00 P. M.,	10.00
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper).	daily 11.30 P. M.	

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour trains), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.00, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.50, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 8.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.50, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 5.22, 8.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 5.22, 8.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m, Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 2.00) 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

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